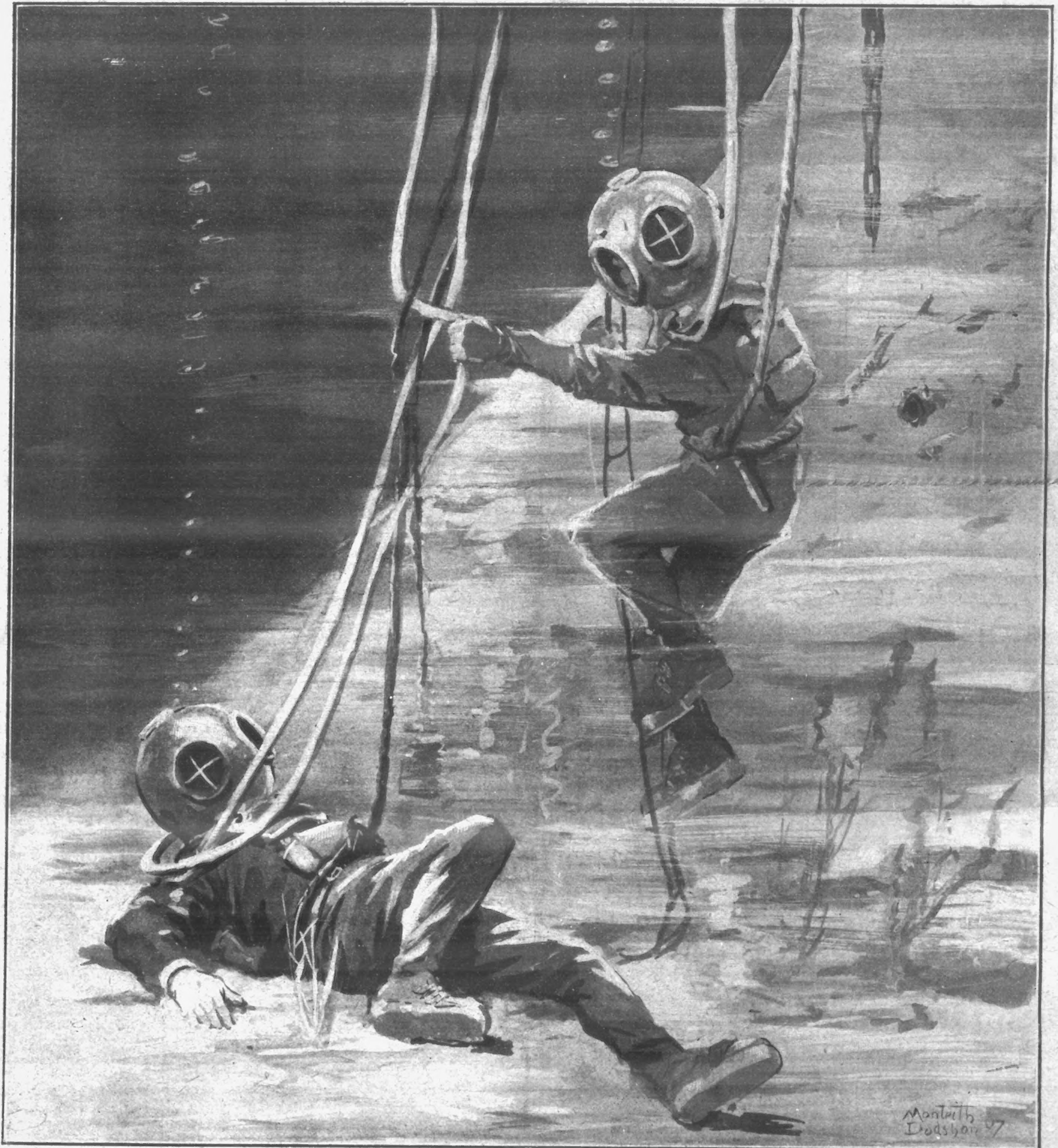


ILLUSTRATED PAPER

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THE TRAGEDY OF TORPEDO-BOAT "No. 99."

The operations for the salvage of Torpedo-boat "No. 99" have been marked by tragedy, but also by a deed of heroism. Last Friday evening Diver Walter Trapnell descended to the wreck, which lay in twenty-five fathoms of water, a depth far below that at which divers generally work. His air-pipe became entangled in the gear of the wreck, and as soon as this fact was known the diver's friend, Sidney Leverett, descended to the rescue, and made heroic efforts to save him. In the end, despite great suffering, he was successful. But all his heroism was in vain, for Trapnell died on the next day (vide page 34).

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TWO SIDES TO EVERY QUESTION. Are We First in Sports?

FOR.

WAIT a moment! Those who have been wailing and gnashing their teeth over the alleged failure of Englishmen in sports have overlooked one fact. We are first; we hold the highest championship honours, we have absolutely taken the Cup for crying down British athletics.

To make the least of our victories and the most of our failures appears to be the sole ambition of this country at the present moment. We are endeavouring with might and main to show how we can take a beating lying down; we have grown almost to wallow in defeat at the hands of foreigners in the field, on the river, and on game grounds. "Hurrah! one more loss!" is our present cry in the face of failure. A reason for this extraordinary conduct must be found. Either it is the new British notion of heroism, or it is the regrettable result of

apart from racial prejudices, but to England or her colonies? The point is not even discussible; it shouts its own answer.

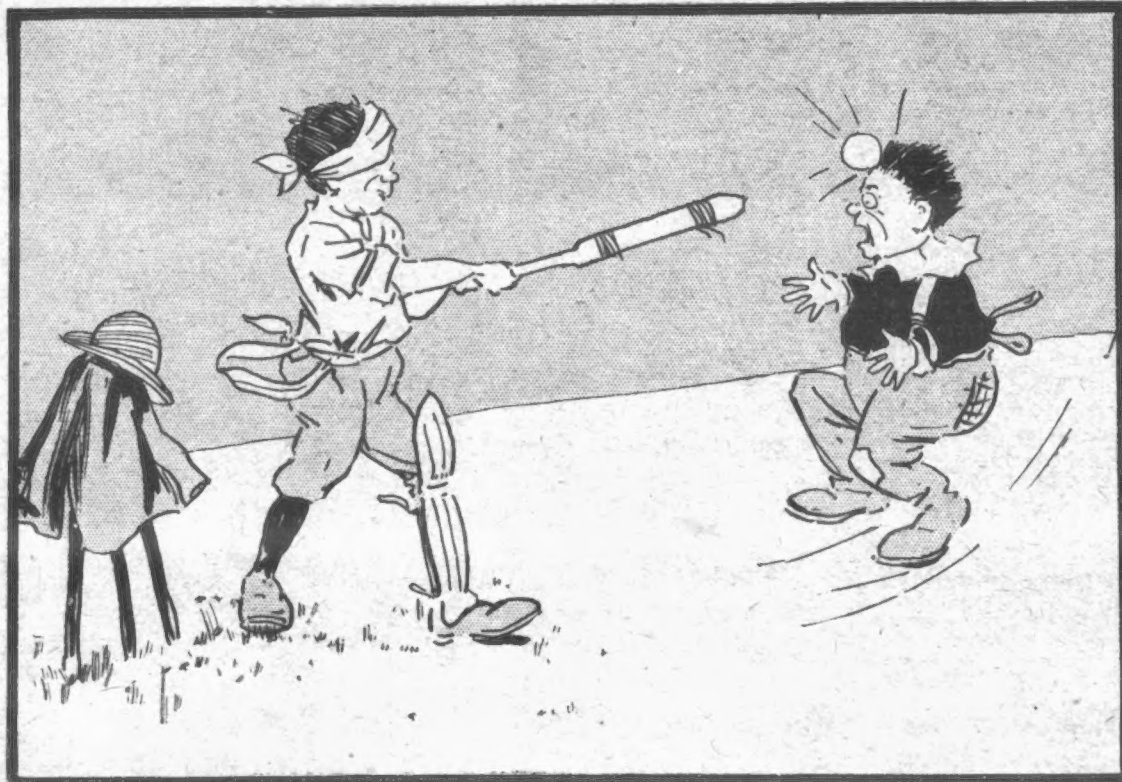
And this is the position which we should take up in defending our title to be still recognised as first in sports. A convincing example of the logic of those who are belittling our prowess in games is furnished by a gentleman among the unpatriotic correspondents to the Press. He takes the case of the English golf championship—"a game, indeed, at which one would have thought that we could defy the world." He points out, despairingly, that the championship has been won by a Frenchman, and proceeds to state that not one Frenchman plays golf to a thousand Englishmen who are devotees of the game. On the top of this truthful admission he wishes us to believe that Frenchmen are first in golf! And so it is on all sides

AGAINST.

There can be no attempt to deny the fact that the decline of British sport, to which we have attempted to shut our eyes for some years past, has ended in a wholesale rout of our champions. The truth has to be faced, and before us is the list of honours lost—a list which no Englishman can contemplate without a feeling of the utmost uneasiness, unless he belong to the increasing race of casual and cocksure sportsmen.

Confidence is an excellent quality, if there is something behind it better than brag; but, while our athletes are never tired of talking themselves into the foremost position in sport, they are coming out of the field in every direction second. Now we are told that had England made the effort she would not have this long score of defeats against her. Casual, cocksure England!

The armchair sportsman can always



ARE WE FIRST IN SPORTS?

With every piece of waste ground in Great Britain just now the scene of incidents like the one depicted in our drawing, is the question really necessary?

giving publicity to a set of panic-stricken pessimists.

Are we going to be so pig-headed as to insist that because in one season we have seen foreigners successfully rivalling us as golfers, tennis-players, and Henley oarsmen (in a single event), we have suddenly become a second-class nation in sports? The idea is almost too ridiculous to be seriously discussed. Still, let us take certain facts into consideration:—When we talk of the supremacy of a nation in sport, we must not reckon individually, but as a race. And this is what the anti-sports in this country are not doing. They are arguing on the assumption that because one Frenchman wins the golf championship, one German the King's Cup for swimming, one Australian (why classed as a foreigner no one can say) wins the lawn tennis championship, one American wins the Derby (with an Irish horse!), and eight Belgians win the Grand Challenge Cup at Henley, the French are foremost as golfers, the Germans as swimmers, the Australians as lawn tennis players, the Americans as Derby victors, and the Belgians as oarsmen.

To SAY THE LEAST OF IT, THIS IS IMBECILE.

Go to the countries mentioned, endeavour to count the men who are even sixth-rate in the sports named, and then see collectively, nation for nation, how England stands in the world of athletics. Let us put the case differently. Suppose that a huge syndicate were formed in any country for the engagement of a body of cricketers, footballers, oarsmen, and all-round athletes. Where would it look,

THE HANDFUL OF FOREIGNERS WHO HAVE TAKEN UP BRITISH GAMES

and sports and, centred their whole strength and skill on wrestling certain events from us, are put forward as a racial menace to our supremacy in sports.

Muscle, no matter whether English, French, German, or Timbuctoo, will answer to this kind of call; but what few other people but our own possess is the inborn instinct of an athlete and a sportsman. And that is just where supremacy is found and cannot be manufactured by any artificial means. From the moment when he can hold a bat and throw a ball the English boy's ambition is to be first in sports. And while Englishmen are made from this stuff, we need have no fear that we shall decline into a race that must take a back place in the field of sport.

At the same time we must not ignore that a very grave danger has dawned with this new craze for disparaging the efforts of the English sportsman. If we are going to systematically cry down his performances; if we are to set ourselves to be ever on the alert to discover his shortcomings, and to acclaim the pre-eminence of the foreign victor, we shall take the heart out of our athletes, destroy their confidence, and cause them to cease to have any pride in the maintenance of our supremacy in games. What we want is not a sensational cry of "Wake up, sport!" but a ringing call to wake up patriotism, which is certainly slumbering in those who are trying to encourage the idea that Englishmen the world over cannot still play the game.

walk a mile, run a mile, swim a mile against the world; but the time has come when we must ask him to come outside and try before we believe the statement. The fiction that this country leads the way in sport has been maintained too long. As in trade, we have declined to acknowledge foreign competition, and preferred to drone on in the old way, quite convinced that the old way is the best way. With condescending generosity we have

ASSUMED THE PART OF TUTOR TO FOREIGNERS

in teaching them to play our games, always one with theory that they could never take part in them in a way that would do otherwise than arouse our amusement. It is not so very long ago that the average Englishman was hugely tickled at the idea of a Frenchman giving anything but frog's performance in sport, and Americans were looked upon as eccentric, long-haired enthusiasts who could not "stay." Now that the pupil has proved so ready as to outplay the master, we are waxing indignant while we look about for some convenient excuse to shield our incompetent athletes.

This is one reason why we have become second in sports; another lies in the attitude of young England towards the many games. They are no longer keen to take part in games, and determined to excel in them. Cycling and cigarettes are far more attractive to the majority; and the satisfying game of looking on and shouting while others do the work, make-belief over "physical drill," marching with brigades, snapping up the evening papers to read the doings

of their favourite cricketers and footballers, are pursuits preferred by a growing number to honest hard-working leather-hunting. Sports must now be luxurious; club-houses are demanded, fêtes, tea-fights, "annual outings," cannot be dispensed with, and so muscles become softer, comfort the first consideration, while a handful of picked men are called upon to represent the nation in sport.

Under such conditions, how can we continue to be first in sport? Then we have to ask why it is that these picked men who are put forward to fight against the foreign athletes are giving so poor an account of themselves? Why are Americans and Colonials holding the principal athletic records of the year, and why have Belgians beaten the famous Leander crew on the river? One keen critic of the situation has answered this question with another: "What improvement in British sport," he asks, "has been native-born of late years?" And there is no answer but the dispiriting reflection that we are at an absolute standstill, while the progressive spirit in sports is active in nearly every other country.

FOREIGN NATIONS ARE THINKING HARD ABOUT THE GAMES THEY HAVE TAKEN UP,

while we are content to play them as our fathers played them. We refuse to adopt foreign styles and methods because they go against what we set up as the standard of perfection. We cannot be induced to depart from what we regard as "form" in games, and the man who attempts to put an intelligent theory into practice is looked upon as a dangerous member to remain in a club.

There is yet again a point that must not be overlooked in seeking the cause of our fall in sport, and this is the growth of class prejudice in games. Little, if anything, is done to offer the working man—the true man of muscle and sinew—an opportunity of entering the ranks of international sports. The gentleman player is put forward on every hand because he is considered more "representative"—because his hair is brushed flatter and his clothes are smarter. We need new blood and determination to regain our lost supremacy, if it is not past praying for, and if we earnestly seek to find it we must go to the artisan, who could, and would, readily put his back into the business.

A TRAGEDY OF THE SEA. DIVER'S HEROIC EFFORTS TO SAVE A COMRADE.

THE operations for the salvage of Torpedo-boat No. 99, which sank in the English Channel off Torbay some few weeks ago, have resulted in a distressing fatality, one of two Government divers specially employed from Portsmouth Dockyard having lost his life in the performance of his duty.

At a quarter to seven on Friday evening Walter Trapnell descended in diving dress from the gunboat *Spanker*, which, with the tug *Etna*, is engaged in an effort to recover the torpedo-boat lying in twenty-five fathoms of water, four or five miles from Berry Head. About twenty minutes were occupied in the descent, and after Trapnell had been down half an hour, the usual time for immersion at such a great depth, he was ordered to ascend.

To his horror, and to the great dismay of those on board the gunboat and tug, he found that he was unable to obey the order, for he had become entangled in the boat's gear. His fellow-diver, Sidney Leverett, made haste to descend to Trapnell's aid, and reaching him, he was for the long space of two hours engaged in frantic and heroic efforts to free Trapnell. His exertions were ultimately successful, and he himself was then hauled up, after being in the water for about three hours, in a very exhausted condition, and bleeding from the nose.

Owing to Trapnell's unconscious condition, and the great depth of the water, the task of raising him to the surface was necessarily a long one, and it was not until he had been immersed altogether for five hours and a half that he was again on the deck of the gunboat. His condition was most critical, and he died in hospital on Saturday morning.

Trapnell, who was forty-nine years of age, leaves a widow and three married daughters at Portsmouth.

NOTICE.—In future, all Editorial Communications for the "P.I.P." must be addressed to
172, Strand, London.

FROM SCHOOL TO STAGE

BY Phyllis Dare



AN IMPORTANT RÔLE.

Our photograph is of Phyllis Dare at the time when she was chosen to play Christina in "Ib and Little Christina."

THE very next afternoon, almost as if sent in answer to her prayer, a great big hamper arrived at the stage-door, addressed to my little fairy. We at once opened it, in the greatest state of excitement, she and I, and inside, most daintily packed, our astonished gaze saw two lovely chicken, several nourishing jellies, and beef-tea galore—the very things, in fact, which the doctor had said would save my little fairy's mother's life. But who sent the hamper we could never find out. Anyway, it must have been somebody who understood that children actresses sometimes have lots of responsibilities.

If only happenings in life ended up so happily as do most plays, what a cheery world it would be; but, in this case, fortunately, there was a happy ending, for, with these luxuries, her mother commenced to recover; but when I think of that tiny, plucky little girl of nine laughing and dancing before a crowded house at a time when she almost felt as if her heart would break, I often wonder whether theatrical audiences ever realise, as they see children dancing and smiling before them, that very often these apparently exuberantly happy little Christmas fairies have really big worries—much bigger worries, in fact, than many grown-up people have to bear.

Yes, indeed, those who have not had practical experience of life on the stage often hold very, very mistaken ideas about its so-called joys. They little think that a merry, laughing face often hides an aching heart—but it does.

My first real chance of making a name for myself on the stage occurred just before I was ten years old when, owing to the sudden illness of Miss Beatrice Terry

I was chosen to take her place, and play the part of Little Christina in that sweetly pretty play, "Ib and Little Christina." Mr. Martin Harvey played Ib, and the cast throughout was an excellent one, as Miss Eva Moore, Miss Marie Rorke, Mr. Holbrook Blinn, Mr. Charles Landor, and Master Vivian Thomas were all members of the company. The piece, too, was a great success, and, thanks to the personal interest which a number of the leading actors and actresses took in me, perhaps on account of my tender years, I learnt a lot which proved of the greatest assistance to me in after years.

Indeed, Christina is quite one of my favourite parts; and altogether I just loved the piece. I expect everyone knows that, in a theatre, it is against the rules to stand in "the wings," but now and again I was allowed to do so; I used to enjoy these occasions very much, but the play was so sad that sometimes I cried quietly by myself, furtively wiping away my tears for fear of their running down my cheeks and making my "make-up" look blotchy. Even in those days a pretty, sympathetic play always appealed to me more than anything else—I don't know whether you remember the story or not, but it seemed such a pity that poor Ib, after saving up all his money to buy a bracelet for Christina, whom he was going to marry, should suddenly be told that Christina loved someone else, and no longer cared for him.

And Martin Harvey, when he wrapped up the precious bracelet in paper and packed it away carefully in a drawer, looked so frightfully unhappy that I am sure everyone in the audience felt just as

sorry for him as I did; but, still, things were not quite so bad at the end, for in the last scene, when I went on, they were in a much more cheerful state, and Ib looked quite happy once again.

By the way, it was when playing the part of Christina that I first received a letter from some member of the audience whom I had neither seen nor heard of. It was merely a little note from a girl saying that she liked my performance, but I have always kept it, for one's first message of congratulation on the stage is an important event indeed. I well remember, too, how carefully I folded it up and put it in my purse for fear of losing it. And to write a reply thanking the sender for her kind message was a matter which took me hours and hours, for in those early days I had no idea that letters on all sorts and kinds of subjects to actresses from total strangers were of the most common occurrence. Now, however, I have become more enlightened on this subject, for sometimes, by a single post, I have received over a hundred photographs and postcards to sign, while if I was to answer every communication I receive, I should have to employ about a dozen secretaries and typewriters. Truly we live and learn!

All this time I used to have a governess during the daytime, and I also studied music, dancing, and singing, so that my hours away from the theatre were fully occupied. The work was hard, too, but it is a great mistake to imagine that success on the stage can possibly be attained without hard work; and although I found it rather irksome sometimes after rehearsals, having to wrestle with history, geography, mathematics, yet now I am glad that I wasn't allowed to shirk for a single minute, because a good education on the stage is absolutely imperative. But many people seem to regard theatres as a last refuge when all other attempts to succeed in other walks of life have proved failures, which, no doubt, accounts for the altogether overcrowded state of the stage at the present time.

At Christmas, 1900, I made my first appearances in the provinces at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, playing the title rôle in the pantomime of "Red Riding Hood." In every pantomime, of course, a large number of children are engaged, but it seems to have been my fate in life to be associated with those who are always doing or saying something quite out of the common.

Thus, in "Red Riding Hood," one day, during rehearsal I was standing with my mother in the wings watching the stage-manager vainly trying to teach a tiny mite of seven to fly like an angel in the air, attached to a wire suspended from the top of the scenery. Try as he would, the luckless teacher utterly failed to convert his pupil into a successful angel, until at last, in desperation, he said: "Well, why don't you want to become an angel?" "I do," replied the child, slyly looking up into his face, "but I don't want to fly in the air—I want along the roads, 'cos it's so dull up in the sky." Believe me, seekers after humour would frequently do well to search for it among the hundreds of children who appear annually at pantomimes.

I hope I shall be forgiven if I just refer to still another child actress, of whom I entertain the liveliest recollection. You see, I suppose it is only natural, that as I was a child myself at the time, childish doings and sayings should make a particular impression upon me. This young lady was ten years old and, for one so young, was very ambitious. She wanted to dress herself, "make herself up," and do everything without troubling the "dresser." So on the first night she escaped from her mother's usually watchful care, and, safely installed in another dressing-room, proceeded to dress and "make up" her face, in, as she no doubt thought, the orthodox manner.

The time soon arrived for her "entrance," but no fairy could be found. The stage-manager was, of course,

frantic, and rushed wildly here and there trying to find her, and, at last, in a secluded corner, he came across a rather bedraggled, dishevelled-looking child, quietly munching a huge stick of chocolate.

"Hullo, what are you?" he said.

"Oh, I'm a fairy," said the child, still continuing to contentedly munch the chocolate; "but I've lost my way to the stage."

"A fairy?" queried the stage-manager; "by the look of you I should say you were the Demon King."

Explanations, of course, followed, and it afterwards transpired that the ambitious fairy had scorned the services of her dresser, and had both dressed and "made herself up," with the somewhat appalling result that her face looked like a sort of mixture between that of Faust at his best, or, should I say worst, and a very ruddy and particularly healthy-looking apple-woman.

Some actresses I know strongly object to playing in pantomime, but why I cannot imagine, for I have always found pantomime-artists most kind and sympathetic; and as for work—well—when it is remembered that during pantomime time there are frequently twelve performances a week, I think most people will agree with me that the artists earn their salaries to the last penny. Some comedians, too, seem to find favour with audiences from the first moment they appear on the stage, and Mr. Dan Rolyat—with whom, by the bye, I appeared in pantomime last Christmas—has always been a prime favourite.

Mr. Rolyat has just that particular

dry sort of humour which invariably appeals to lovers of pantomime, and when I first heard him explain why a bull was not an animal of which to be afraid I thought I should never stop laughing. His explanation, indeed, is one of the most humorous things I have ever heard in pantomime.

"It has often struck me," he said, with that whimsically funny face of his which is such a strange mixture of mirth and pathos, "that Society does not fulfil its social obligations to the bull. Poor beast! People passing through the field in which it is quietly grazing have only to see it swish its tail to run for their lives. For some reason or other they seem to think that a bull that swishes its tail is a ferocious bird—I mean beast—and in consequence the bull seldom has any male or female friends to help him wile away his hours of leisure."

"But it is so stupid of people to be afraid of a bull that swishes its tail. Only a few months ago when I was in Devonshire I saw a bull swishing its tail, and I decided at once to cleverly put an end to the animal's praiseworthy desire to work 'overtime' for no pay in this manner—by tying a lump of lead to the end of its caudal appendage. My wife brought me flowers to the hospital every Sunday." Droll, quiet, dry humour of this sort always seems to appeal to provincial audiences, and strange though it may seem, very often humour which appeals to London audiences falls quite flat in the provinces, and vice versa. But my pen is running away with me—for which I humbly apologise.

(To be continued.)



PHYLLIS DARE AT THE AGE OF TEN.

As Little Red Riding Hood, at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, Christmas, 1900.



The mystery of a motor cab.

By FERGUS HUME,

Author of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," "The Black Patch," "Jonah's Luck," "The Yellow Hunchback," etc., etc., etc.

CHAPTER VII.

WILFRED DARTON.

MENDLE cast a glance at the insensible girl, and was perfectly certain that she feared lest D.

Darton should be accused of the crime. The next thing for him to do was obviously to interview the doctor and learn what defence he could make. While thus thinking he heard the sound of Harriet returning, and snatching up his hat and bag, passed swiftly down the stairs. In the hall he met with Miss Lane.

"Well?" she demanded inquiringly. "Your sister has fainted," replied Mendle curtly, and opened the door.

"What have you been saying to her?" asked Harriet, starting.

"Ask her rather what she has been saying to me!" rejoined the lawyer, and disappeared into the street. Harriet, much amazed at his hasty exit, would have followed him and insisted upon an explanation. But a recollection of Belinda's need for assistance sent her up the stairs.

Just as Mendle turned the corner into Rutland Square, he heard the horn of a motor-cab, and looked up, to see Embers slipping past in his vehicle. On hailing him, the baronet stopped, and asked in rather a surly tone what was wanted. "Are you going to see Miss Gerson?" demanded the lawyer hurriedly.

"What's that to you, if I am?" snapped Sir Samuel.

"Because if you are, you will not see her. She is ill."

"What caused her illness?"

"That's a long story."

Embers looked at him hard. "Get up here with me," he said, after a pause, "and tell me all about it."

"I thought you were going to see Miss Gerson."

"There's not much good in doing that if she is ill. When I propose to a girl I want her to be quite fit. Goo' Chris'fer, I should hope so! Eh! what?"

"You may save yourself the trouble of proposing. At the inquest, if you remember, she stated definitely that she was engaged."

"To that medical blighter! Well, the engagement will have to be broken, or I'll know the reason why."

"You can know the reason now," said Mendle coolly. "The reason that the engagement will not be broken is that Belinda is perfectly innocent of harming her brother. I wonder that you entertained so ridiculous an idea."

"It's worth trying, at all events, so as to get her to marry me."

"More chivalry," sneered the lawyer. "Let me get in!"—he hoisted himself alongside the baronet. "Now drive me to 20, Kingswell Street, Bloomsbury."

"I want to see Miss Gerson," said the obstinate baronet, who did not like his plans disarranged.

"You won't then! I have just left her in a faint. And if you intend to threaten, you need not. She will only laugh at you."

Embers swung the cab slowly round in the direction of Kensington High Street. "She's a braver girl than I take her for, then," said he.

Mendle looked at him sideways. "I rather think that you will be surprised to see what kind of a girl she has become now that the five thousand a year is in her hands."

"A leopard can't change his spots," growled the baronet.

"This leopard can. Women are wonderfully adaptable, you know. Miss

Gerson is quite capable of facing you, or me, or anyone else, to save her lover."

"Who is the lover? You?"

"Oh, I have been refused, the same as you will be."

"But when I tell her what Arthur said—"

"I tried that game."

"Oh, hang it, did you? Well, I call that shabby."

Mendle shrugged. "At all events, I saved you from the scene which I have gone through. She simply laughed at me; but before I left, she fainted. She is not afraid for herself, but for Darton."

"What has he been doing?"

"Well," said Mendle, looking straight before him, "I am on my way to ask him that question."

Embers made no reply for the moment, as he was guiding the cab among some rather crowded traffic. When he won clear and was whizzing along by the Park, he looked at the lawyer. "Why won't you be plain with me, Mendle?"

"What do you mean?"

"I take it that Miss Gerson is afraid lest Darton should be accused of the murder."

"I never said that," rejoined the solicitor quickly.

"Oh, it's easy to read between words. You hinted that she was afraid for her lover. You're out of it, and—as you say—so am I. That leaves Darton alone in the field. As she fainted, and you are on the way to ask questions, I guess that he is implicated."

"I can't say for certain until I see him."

"But you have your suspicions," insisted the baronet.

"I have. Miss Gerson would not faint for nothing."

"Well, I don't know. She's a timid little thing."

"She was," remarked Mendle drily, "but she is not timid now. And, what is more, she will stick like grim death to Darton, unless—"

"Unless what?"

"Unless I clear him out of the way."

"How do you intend to do that?"

"I am not forced to tell you all my business," snarled the lawyer.

"See here," growled Embers unpleasantly, "you want to get rid of Darton in order to marry the girl. Now I want to have a look in, as I love Miss Gerson, and want her money. If you play low down, I shall side with Darton, and help."

"Help?" interrogated Mendle doubtfully.

"Help him to escape your trap."

"I am not laying a trap, Sir Samuel. If Darton can clear himself he can marry the girl. I say, don't drive so hard; you'll be run in."

Embers, indeed, had need of the warning. He was racing the cab up Park Lane at top speed, as if to relieve his feelings. But words had to come also. "I'd like to smash up the cab and you too," said he between his teeth. "You have played me a shabby trick, Mendle."

"Well, you were going to play it on Miss Gerson."

"Then you have behaved shabbily both to me and to her." He paused as the vehicle swung somewhat slowly into Oxford Street. "I don't believe that Darton has anything to do with the matter. You might have murdered Arthur yourself, for all I know."

"What?" inquired Mendle derisively. "do you think I am such a fool as to lose five thousand a year and place my neck in a noose?"

"You hated Arthur. He told me so."

"He was wrong. I did not hate him; but I admit that I feared him. I dare say you will think me a brute, Embers, but I confess to a certain amount of relief now that he is dead. Nevertheless, I miss the money, and if I can regain it by marrying Miss Gerson, I shall do so."

"I don't think that you have any chance, Mendle. Darton on the one hand can give Miss Gerson his good looks, and a manly nature which you don't possess. I can offer her a title. Goo' Chris'fer, you've got nothing to recommend you: neither looks, nor strength, nor money, nor position, nor—"

"Thanks," interrupted Mendle, very white in the face. "you need not go on with your list of my disqualifications. We'll agree that I am out of the running."

"Oh, no, we won't," snapped the baronet. "I must have your promise that we are to work together—"

"For your ultimate benefit."

"Well," said Embers insolently, "you'll get pickings out of the estate as my solicitor, when I am Miss Gerson's husband. Do you agree?"

"Yes!" assented Mendle, after a pause.

"Well then, I'll tell you how I intend to work," went on Sir Samuel easily. "To learn who killed Arthur I intend to look after Paddy O'Toole day and night. The boy knows the truth."

"Very probably. But he is in hospital."

"He can't remain there for ever, and when he gets out he'll be handed over

to old Peggy, his grandmother. She will help me to keep the boy under my eye, as I have helped her at times with money."

"But," argued Mendle with a shrug, "when you do learn who killed Arthur I do not see how it will help you to marry Miss Gerson."

"Oh, she'll accept my hand out of gratitude for bringing the murderer to the scaffold. You leave me to run my show, Mendle, and you run yours with the doctor. Here we are."

Embers pulled up the car before a grim-looking house in Elder Square, which had a bright brass plate on the ancient door. "Start your campaign, and report progress to me. I'm at my old digs. Make a nutty job of it, if you can."

"Day!" and the cab spun down the street droning like a bumble-bee. It was only then, strangely enough, that Mendle recollected how Arthur had been found dead on the very seat he had lately occupied with Sir Samuel. He wondered that Embers cared to drive so haunted a cab, and shuddered at the recollection of the tragedy. Almost he could imagine that the dead man was seated beside the chauffeur. By reason of a supersensitive nervous system, the unseen was very real and near to Mendle; but Sir Samuel, being a beefy Philistine, would have laughed such fantasies to scorn.

Mendle went slowly up the steps of the doctor's house, between the ancient torch-extinguishers, which had not been used since link-boys attended the rank and fashion of Georgian days, when the plebeian square was aristocratic. As he rang the bell, he considered the baronet's insolent attitude, and smiled uneasily.

"He wants to make me the cat to pull the chestnuts out of the fire," ran his reflections. "I certainly won't do that; but I must keep on good terms with him all the same, lest he should spoil my dealings with Darton. Humph! He takes charge of Paddy O'Toole, does he? That might argue a fear of the boy's mentioning his name as the assassin, presuming his memory returns. Oh!"—as the door opened—

"is Dr. Darton within?"

"Yes, Sir!" The neat maid-servant permitted Mendle to enter, took his card, and ushered him into a dreary conventional waiting-room. It was empty, as the doctor's practice was by no means large, as yet. Mendle with his hands behind his long back, stared absently out of the dingy window, considering how he should begin the interview. Before he could formulate a plan the servant returned, to intimate that her master would see him. Mendle shortly found himself in a smaller room, very plainly furnished, and facing an extremely handsome young man, who did not appear pleased to see him.

"I am rather surprised that you should call on me, Mr. Mendle," said the doctor stiffly. "Your attitude towards me has always been unfriendly."

"Ask yourself if there are not reasons," retorted the lawyer.

"I don't require to ask myself that," rejoined the other promptly. "I love Miss Gerson, and she loves me. There are no reasons why we should not marry. Your reason for forbidding me the house I can guess." He cast a disdainful look at the shabby, restless solicitor.

"You mean that Belinda explained my reason to you?"

"She did. And I forbid you to call her by her Christian name."

"On what grounds? By what authority?"

CHILDREN WHO EARNED £50. FOR CHARITY.



[Photos. Nicholls.]

A very excellent performance of "Pinafore" was given last week, at Worthing, by the pupils of Steyne School, the proceeds going to the local hospital. The efforts of the youthful actors were much appreciated, and in consequence, the hospital benefited to the extent of fifty pounds.

"I am her promised husband."
"There is many a slip betwixt cup and lip," quoted Mendle coolly.
"What do you mean by that stale proverb?"

Mendle did not reply immediately. Between half-closed eyelids he gazed at the man who had won Belinda Gerson's heart, and he admitted, mentally and reluctantly, that she was justified in loving him. Wilfred Darton was tall and slim, with a somewhat military stiffness of bearing. Military also looked his trim black moustache and his closely cropped black hair. He was as dark as a Spaniard, with a smooth, olive complexion and imperious black eyes filled with fire. When Mendle thought of his own physical deficiencies, he bitterly resented the splendid appearance of his rival, yet he could not blame Belinda for her choice of a lover. Woman-like, she had been caught by the animal beauty of the man. So Mendle thought, not aware that the girl loved Darton quite as much for his kindly heart and passionate wooing. But the doctor was pressing for an answer.

"Go on, Sir. Why do you quote that proverb?"

"I have seen Belinda."

"How dare you disregard my warning to call her Miss Gerson?"

"Isn't that rather paltry on your part, Doctor? I have known Miss Gerson, if you will have it so, since she was a baby; and I have been her guardian for some time. I have a right—"

"I won't allow you to exercise that right, Mr. Mendle. Were you kindly disposed towards me I should not dictate to you in this way; but I am perfectly well aware that you hate me; and so"—he made a gesture of insistence—"you shall call my promised wife Miss Gerson, if you please," he ended quietly.

Mendle shrugged his spare shoulders. "It is a matter of indifference to me, Doctor. Miss Gerson, if you will. I have seen her."

"Well?"

"And I left her in a faint."

"You!" Darton drew himself up angrily and advanced a step. "What did you say to make her faint?"

Mendle, huddled up in his chair, felt the young man dominate him with his bold eyes and imperious bearing. "I said nothing," he protested; "it was fear for you that made her faint."

Darton's hands fell in sheer astonishment. "Fear of me?"

"Fear for you, I said, Doctor. She doesn't want to see you hanged."

The young man recoiled a step, and his dark face turned white. "Are you out of your senses?" he muttered.

"I hope you are in yours," said Mendle composedly, "since I wish you to answer me certain questions."

"I answer nothing," cried the Doctor violently.

"Ah!"—Mendle smiled in a wry manner—"that looks like guilt."

Darton flung himself forward and raised his hand. "If you dare to speak further I'll strangle you."

"Strangle!" quavered the lawyer, who was terribly frightened by the angry looks of his rival. "Will you have two murders on your soul?"

"What? Two murders. In heaven's name!"—he gasped and retreated.

"You would strangle me as you strangled Arthur."

"Augh!" Mendle quite expected to be struck, and put out a pair of shaking hands. But Darton took no notice of him. As pale as any corpse, he was leaning against his escritoire, grasping at his collar as though it choked him. All the fire seemed to have died out of him on hearing the hideous accusation, and he turned a ghastly face toward his visitor. Hardly could his white lips form words. It seemed as though in one moment he had realised his peril; realised also that he would receive no mercy from the man before him. "On—on what grounds do you—do you—base this charge?"

"If you are innocent—"

"Innocent? Of course I am innocent. I defy you to prove otherwise. I know that you hate me; I know that you wish to marry Belinda; I know that you will do your best to weave a rope to hang me; but I swear"—he raised his hand solemnly—"I swear that I never harmed Arthur."

"Yet you hated him," asserted Mendle, watching the young face.

"I did," declared Darton promptly. "Arthur Gerson was a degenerate of the worst type. He had no faith, no honour, no decency, almost no humanity. He was a scoundrel and a blackmailer, and—"

"Ah!" Mendle sprang from his seat. "Then you admit that he tried to blackmail you?"

"I admit nothing," said Darton fiercely. "I explain nothing."

"Then I shall explain," said Mendle determinedly, yet keeping well beyond the reach of Darton's arm. "According to Hake, it seems that the murder

was committed to secure certain papers which were placed in that water-proof envelope which was found. Belinda—I shall call her by what name I choose—Belinda threatened to kill her brother because he threatened to disgrace you. She will not offer a reward for the apprehension of the assassin. And why? Because"—Mendle sank his voice to a venomous whisper—"because she fears lest the reward should place you on the gallows."

"You are raving—raving," gasped Darton, and turned even whiter.

"I am speaking the truth, and you know it. You used the word 'blackmail.' I know why. The papers in the envelope concerned you, and to hide the secret they contained, you murdered Arthur, who would have used them against you to stop your marriage with Belinda."

Wilfred clenched his hands and drew a deep breath, which seemed to calm him. Then he went to a small mirror over the fireplace, which was near at hand, and arranged his tie, which had become undone by his vehement grasping at his neck. Mendle surveyed him in much astonishment, but said nothing. He had shot his bolt, and now waited to see what the accused man would do. It was quite two minutes before Darton turned, and then he was perfectly composed and icily calm. "At the inquest," he said slowly, "I detailed my movements on the night of the murder, and so proved an alibi. There is no truth in the accusation your malice prompts you to bring against me."

"You used the word 'blackmail' and the papers—"

"I can explain my use of the word to the proper authorities, if necessary, not to you. Have you any more to say?"

"This," Mendle moved towards the door and opened it ready for flight in

case of violence, "that I believe you to be guilty."

"Prove my guilt, then," said Darton, deathly pale but quite calm. "Meanwhile, leave my house, lest I throw you out of it."

"I go now," said Mendle theatrically. "I return with the police."

CHAPTER VIII.

A PRIVATE INQUIRY AGENT.

It was one thing to threaten Darton with the police: it was another to carry such a threat into execution. Mendle would willingly have done so, to further his plans for regaining the money by ridding himself of the young doctor's rivalry. But he had no tangible evidence to place before Hake. Belinda had refused to offer a reward; Belinda had fainted; but Mendle himself, as he knew very well, had suggested the reason for both the refusal and the sickness. That reason was purely theoretical. By inadvertently using the word "blackmail" in connection with the dead man, Darton had certainly strengthened the supposition. But in the face of his alibi—proved at the inquest, and his blank denial of everything, Mendle could not see how he could utilise his own private suspicions so as to secure arrest.

The sole thing which he could do—and this he intended to do—was to have Darton watched, in the hope that a false step might precipitate him into an abyss of disgrace and criminality. In his own mind the lawyer felt certain that the doctor had something to do with the death and with the theft of the papers; felt also, from what Belinda had said, and from what Darton had admitted, that there was some secret in the young man's life which Arthur Gerson had intended to use to prevent the marriage

with Belinda. If it were true that Darton was guilty, he must have secured the incriminating papers, and his secret for the time being was safe, always presuming that he had been wise enough to destroy the papers. If he had not, they might be found, and a knowledge of their contents would probably give a sufficient reason for Gerson's murder. To get the papers—if still in existence—and to trap Darton necessitated watching. For this purpose Mendle cast about to find a spy.

Luckily, this was not difficult. Mendle was not a shady solicitor, and acted very squarely towards his clients. But on occasions—notably in the case of Sir Samuel Embers—it had been necessary to have certain people watched. For this purpose Mendle had long since made the acquaintance of a private inquiry agent, who conducted delicate negotiations of this kind, when well paid. Embers had been watched by this person, with the result that Mendle had been able to thwart several shady transactions of the baronet, who had tried to get the better of him. But Sir Samuel's affairs were now more or less in order, and he had no reason at the present moment for secret villainy; so it was quite easy to place the spy on the track of Dr. Wilfred Darton.

Mendle, therefore, mindful of the proverb about striking when the iron is hot, took his way to Golden Square, Soho, immediately after his fiery interview with his rival, and went up a dark staircase to the second floor of a shabby house. Here, on a door, he found the name of "Milady," and entered without knocking. A tall, starved-looking boy intimated, in response to Mendle's inquiry, that Milady was within. He then vanished into an inner room, and returned immediately with an invitation to enter.

(To be continued.)

"Electricity—The Road To Health."

SUCH IS THE TITLE OF A BOOK JUST PUBLISHED.

This interesting book, which is sent free to anyone asking for it, points out the road to happiness and health. It is a volume of eighty pages, which is brimful of the things true lovers of health like to read. It will give them courage and enlighten them as to the cause and cure of their troubles. It will point out the pitfalls and guide them safely to a future of strength and vitality. It is nicely illustrated, and tells how other people have suffered, and how they cured themselves. It gives the opinions of many noted physicians, and tells of their work. It is free, in a plain sealed envelope, to all men and women who are interested in a true health-giver.

This interesting book is composed of six chapters. Part I. deals with the relation of health to happiness; gives a description of the famous "Ajax" Dry-Cell Body Batteries; tells of what electricity is doing in the cure of disease, and concludes with a list of those diseases which readily yield to this wonderful, irresistible force.

Part II. treats of Nervous Troubles. An interesting discussion of the nervous system is given. Then follow the various Nervous Complaints, Neurasthenia, Insomnia, Paralysis, Neuralgia, Locomotor Ataxy, Epilepsy, Chorea (St. Vitus Dance). It tells how each and every one of these complaints can be cured, and lots of medical evidence is given to support it.

Part III. This chapter is devoted to the various forms of Rheumatic Troubles. It gives the experiments and opinions of many celebrated physicians in their untiring efforts to find a cure for Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Gout, and Backache, and explains how a cure can be had for each that is certain and lasting.

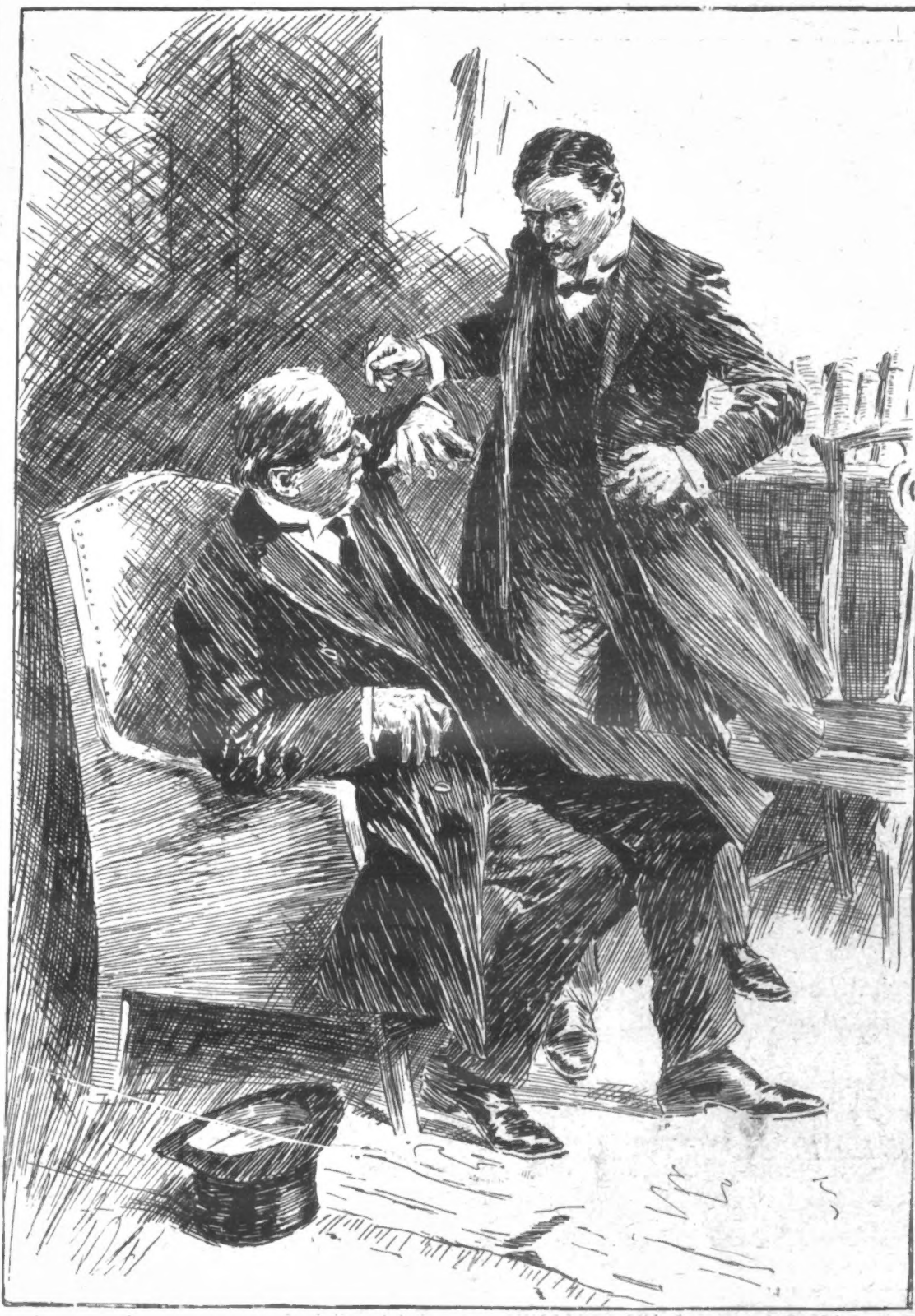
Part IV. The Stomach, Liver, and Kidneys are here dealt with, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Diarrhoea, and Dysentery are described in detail. The opinions of such well-known medical men as Drs. Rockwell, Erb, de Watterville, Turner, Seidel, and others, are given. A means of permanent cure which has proved successful in hundreds of cases is also explained.

Part V. Various complaints, such as those of the Bladder, Deafness, Asthma, Cramps, Eczema, Chilblain, Headache, and Catarrh, are described. Detailed experiments are given as to the peculiar and astonishing effect that electricity has on these troubles.

Part VI. In this chapter complaints peculiar to women are treated. Female complaints, Anæmia, and Hysteria, are exhaustively described. A host of eminent doctors' opinions are quoted. The abuses of electricity and the importance of health are also dealt with, and, lastly, a copy of the Certificate of Merit awarded by "Science Siftings" to "Ajax" Dry-Cell Batteries, as well as the expert testimony of the well-known scientist, W. Lascelles-Scott, Esq.

This work is not only the most interesting, but the most valuable from a health point of view, that has ever been published. The "Ajax" Dry-Cell Body Battery is a scientific appliance that has done more for weak and ailing people than any remedy known. It is a "last resort" treatment in the most obstinate cases. The peculiar construction of the battery, which enables it to generate a strong and continuous current with no charging whatever, makes it a convenient and pleasant treatment. An eminent physician recently said: "No body properly charged with electricity can be weak."

Every man or woman who is in any way ailing, who is weak or debilitated, etc., should not be without this book. A post-card or a letter to The British Electric Institute (Dept. 52), 25, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., will bring it at once. All advice is free, and a free test to all who call.



Darton flung himself forward and raised his hand. "If you dare speak further I'll strangle you."

DELICIOUS COFFEE

RED
WHITE
& BLUE

For Breakfast & after Dinner

In making, use less quantity, it being so much stronger than ordinary COFFEE.

CRICKET.

To Surrey has fallen the honour of being the first team to beat the South African combination during their present tour. It is not my purpose to make excuses for the beaten side, nor am I going to belittle Surrey's fine victory. Without doubt Surrey are a hard nut to crack on a fast, plumb wicket. Then Hayward's stylish and correct play, as well as Hobbs' stubborn defence, has to be reckoned with before the first wicket falls.

But there are also others who have to be reckoned with in the Oval team. Hayes, the hard hitter, and Holland, the man of many strokes, are strong factors in the determining of Surrey's destiny.



MR. N. A. KNOX.

The Surrey fast bowler, who had so large a share in the beating of the South Africans at the Oval.

Add to that Knox's expresses, and Strudwick's wonderful taking of them, and you have a combination of talent that wants a lot of beating. But there are other contributors to Surrey's strength, not the least important being the fine all-round play of J. N. Crawford.

Surrey had first knock, and they rattled up a first innings of 239. To this total Hayward contributed 61 and J. N. Crawford 69. The Australian, Alan Marshall, further-assisted the total with a well-played 34. When the Colonials batted, they gave one of their worst displays so far. They were all out for

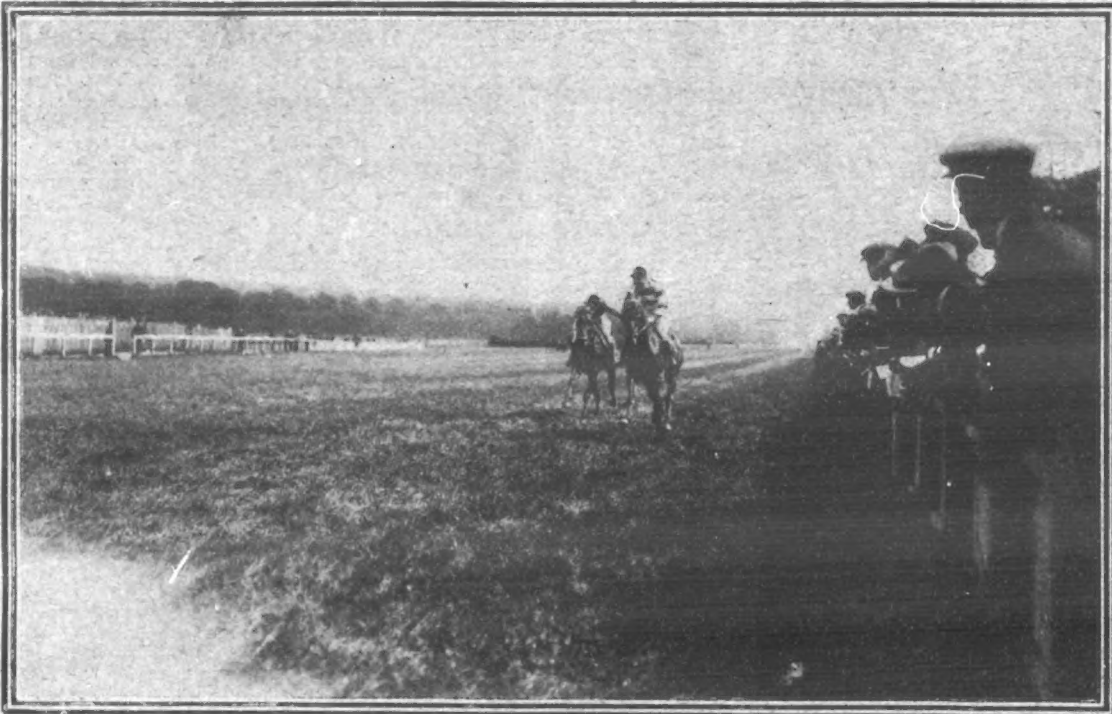


LORD DALMENY.

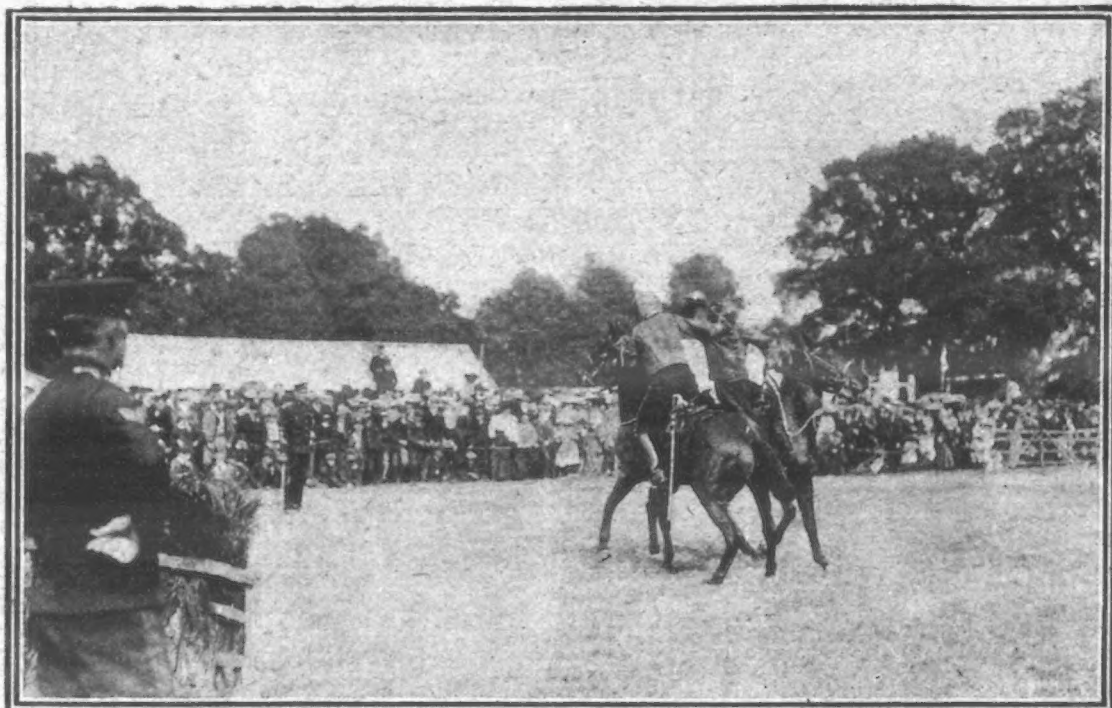
Surrey's popular captain, whose marshalling of his team when playing South Africa is stated to have been admirable.

162, the highest score on the side being 27, by G. C. White, and when the innings closed Surrey had a lead of 77 runs.

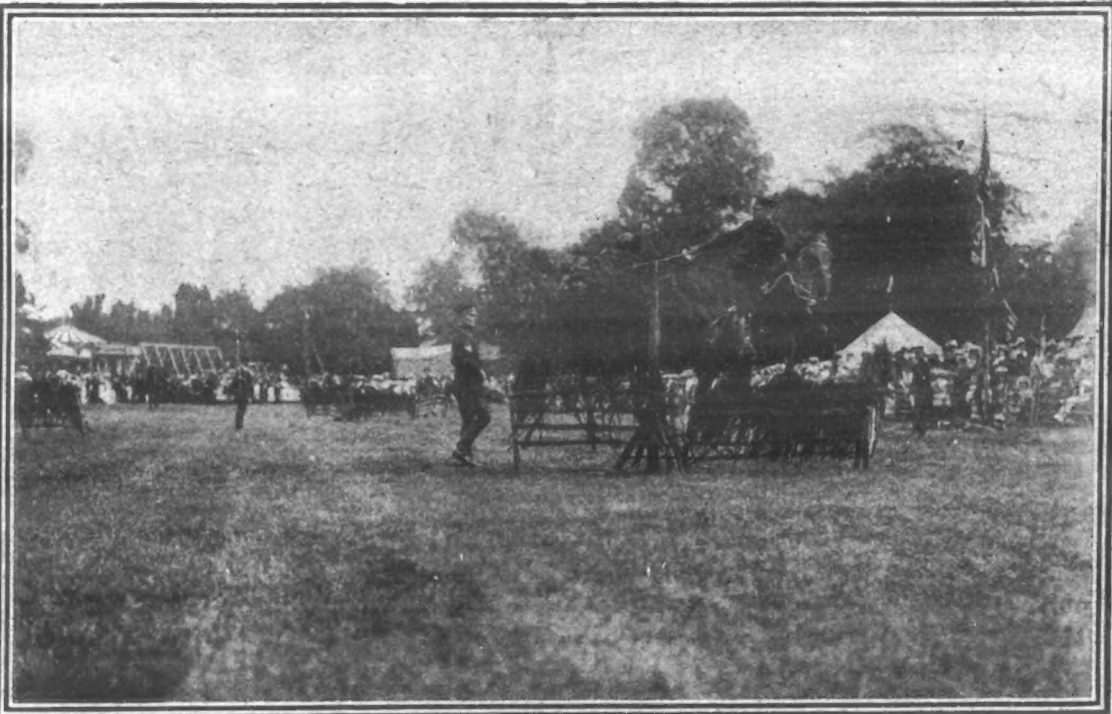
THE WORLD OF PASTIME.



WOOLWINDER WINS THE LINGFIELD PARK PLATE OF 2000 SOVS., AND IS CONSIDERED A LIKELY WINNER OF THE ST. LEGER.



THE GRAND MILITARY FETE AT RUNNYMEDE PARK, EGHAM: AN EXCITING SABRE CONTEST ON HORSEBACK.



A SMART PIECE OF RIDING AND SWORDSMANSHIP BY ONE OF THE COMPETITORS AT EGHAM.

Hayward again did best when Surrey batted a second time, his contribution amounting to 86. Hobbs played in his usual steady style for 41, and Holland contributed 34. The innings realised 225, and this left the Africans with 303 to get to win. They got off the mark badly, and wickets fell so cheaply on Friday afternoon that an easy victory for Surrey appeared a certainty. However, the tail in this instance wagged the dog, and each of the last four men got double figures. J. H. Sinclair played in great form for 64, but despite his effort and those of his comrades, our visitors were beaten by 89 runs.

Hats off to Harrow, and especially to their captain, M. C. Bird. The latter



MR. J. N. CRAWFORD.

Surrey's all-round man, who both batted and bowled brilliantly against the South Africans.

has succeeded in accomplishing a feat which has never been done in a match between his school and Eton College. He twice scored a century, the first time carrying his bat for exactly 100, and on the second occasion he flogged the Eton bowling until he had added 131 to the total. The merit of his performance is enhanced by the fact that in neither innings did he give anything resembling a chance.

It was a memorable match, full of incident, and right up to the close the issue hung in the balance. When the game was adjourned on the first day, Eton looked to have an easy victory



HAYWARD.

Whose brilliant batting contributed largely to Surrey's victory. He scored 147 in his two innings.

within their reach, for Harrow, with only seven wickets to fall, were 43 runs to the bad. But they never lost heart, and after a capital send-off by Cowley and



LIEUT. MANDER, WINNER OF THE BASS COMPETITION.

THE GREAT RIFLE MEETING AT BISLEY: WINNERS AND THEIR ATTITUDES.

In their first innings Gloucestershire scored 165. To this Kent replied with 182. Their rivals responded with 249, to which total Langdon and Gilbert Jessop were the principal contributors

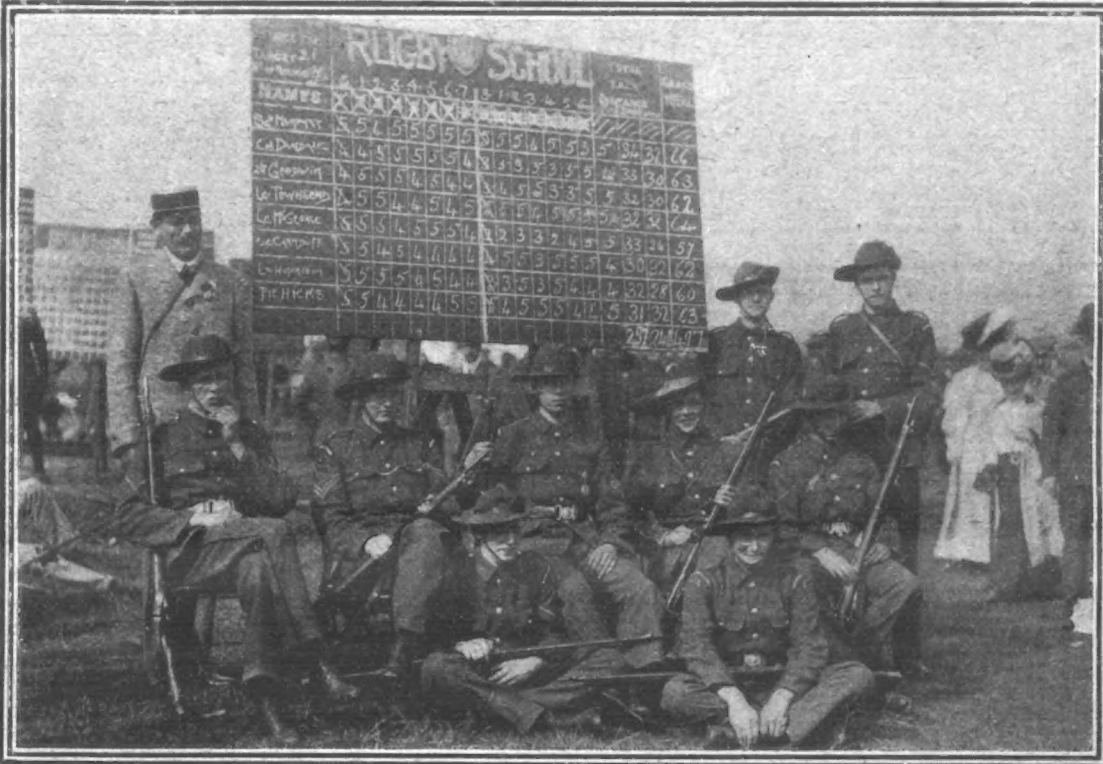


MR. BOYD, WINNER OF THE WIMBLEDON CUP.

Adair, who between them gave their side a lead of 51 runs, Bird came along with his second century, and this, backed by a really excellent 73 (not out) by the Hon. R. Anson, enabled Harrow to set Eton 314 to win. With the exception of a fine 65 by H. S. E. Bury, the Eton batting never reached a high standard, and when their last wicket fell Harrow had won by 79 runs.

Sussex and Lancashire played a draw at Eastbourne. In the first innings of the latter county L. O. S. Poidevin played a brilliant innings of 128 (not out). Others who did well were Maclaren, Tyldesley and Makepeace. Sussex replied with 262, the principal contributors being Vine (93), C. B. Fry, and R. A. Young. At their second attempt Lancashire made 225 for seven wickets, and then declared, the Everton footballer, Makepeace, carrying his bat for 99. Sussex were set 367 to get to win, but the task was altogether hopeless, and their only object was to save the game. This they successfully achieved, C. B. Fry playing one of the finest innings of his life, and taking out his bat for 102. Young again batted finely for 40, and Albert Relf was not out with 37 to his credit.

Kent again did badly. They seem to go from bad to worse, and the play of the champions this season causes one to ponder as to what has come over the brilliant eleven that did so well last year.



THE CADETS FROM RUGBY WHO WON THE ASHBURTON SHIELD.

105 runs for seven wickets and declared. Petters scored 22 runs, H. Parker captured seven wickets for 8 runs, and Lacey three wickets for 10 runs.

LAWN-TENNIS.

Miss May Sutton followed up her victory in the championships by winning the cup at the Welsh Championship meeting at Newport, her opponent, Miss T. Lowther, being rather easily beaten by 6-0, 7-5. J. M. Boucher won the final of the Gentlemen's Singles, defeating S. E. Charlton by 6-4, 6-2, 6-2. In the Gentlemen's Championship of South Wales and Monmouth, C. L. Sweet-Escott—a rare sporting name this—beat F. H. Dauncey after a tough struggle.

SWIMMING.

To the general surprise, H. Taylor was defeated in the long-distance championship last Saturday, his conqueror turning up in the Welshman J. Radmilovic, whose time was 1 hour 9 min. 15 1/2 sec. Taylor tried his hardest, but could not hold the greatly improved representative of Weston-super-Mare, who beat him by about 30 yards. The German, Emil Rausch, who is not a long-distance performer, did admirably in getting third. Immediately after the race he left for Germany, where he received a great reception.

(Athletics and Cycling will be found on p. 44.)



CAPTAIN RANKIN, THE FAMOUS SHOT WHO HAS WON THE BROWNLOW MATCH RIFLE COMPETITION.

with 67 and 74 respectively; and as Kent could only put up 136 in reply, they were beaten by 96 runs.

"P.I.P." CRICKET RESULTS.

In the Yeovil and District Senior Cricket League last Saturday, the Stoke-under-Ham Club defeated the Yeovil Y.M.C.A. by 50 runs. The Y.M.C.A. batted first, and scored 43 runs; E. Ricketts (13) being the only batsman to reach double figures. S. Welsh captured six wickets for 17 runs, and T. Lang four wickets for 21 runs. Stoke replied by scoring 93 runs, of which number W. Lang scored 24; H. Chaffey, 15; R. Southcombe, 14; T. Lang, 12; A. Gomm, 10. F. Osborne was the most successful bowler, capturing six wickets for 35 runs. Crewkerne Town defeated Petters United by 83 runs. Crewkerne batted first and compiled



LANCE-SERGEANT G. de C. E. FINDLAY, WINNER OF THE SPENCER CUP.

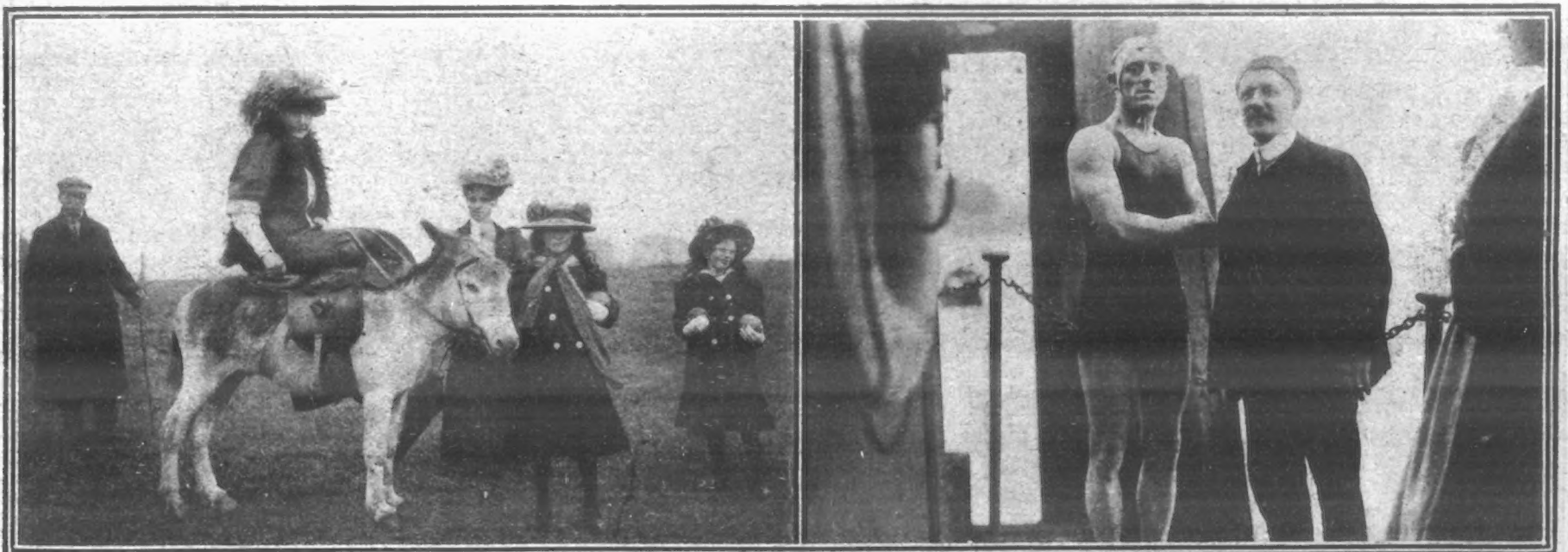


Photo. Rouch.]

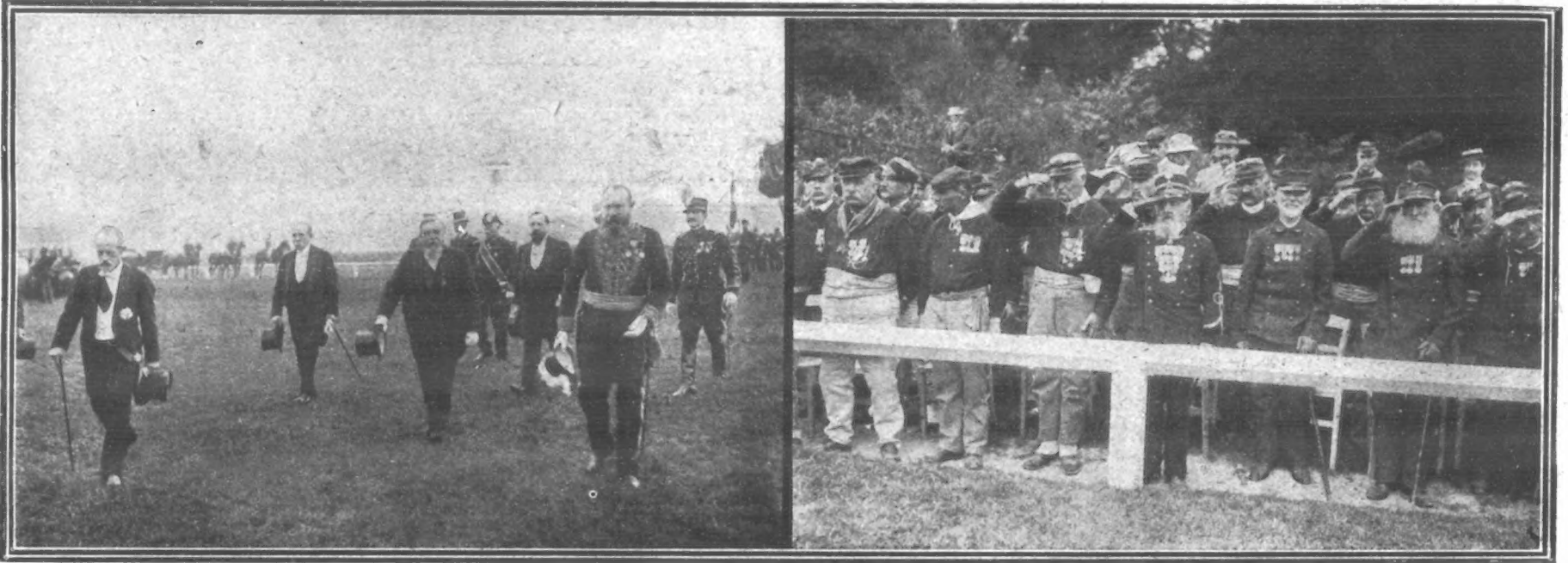
THE CHILDREN'S DAY AT RANELAGH.

Miss Maclean, the winner of the donkey-race, which was one of the most popular events of the day.

P. RADMILOVIC,

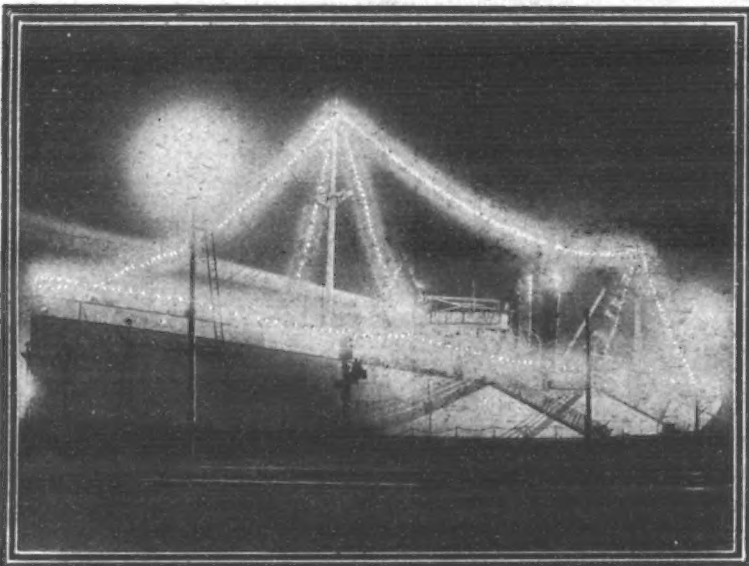
Who won the long-distance swimming championship last week. Our photograph was taken after the race.

THE ATTEMPT UPON THE LIFE OF THE PRESIDENT OF FRANCE.



President Fallières at the French National Fête in Paris. Our photograph shows the President (white-bearded) before the attempt upon his life was made.

One of the finest incidents of the day was the greeting of the President by a group of veteran soldiers.



The "Lady Lewis" illuminated in honour of the royal visitors. This boat carried a number of deaf and dumb children, and was the first vessel to enter the new dock after the royal yacht.

The Attempt to Shoot Fallières.

A sensational incident marked the French National Fête in Paris on Sunday. As President Fallières was driving back to the Elysée, through the Avenue Marigny, from the review at Longchamp, a man fired two revolver shots.

Fortunately the bullets flew wide, and no one was struck.

The would-be assassin was promptly seized, and taken to a police station, the police having great difficulty in protecting him from the angry crowd. He was found to be a naval reservist named Maillé, who had recently arrived in Paris from Rouen, and is believed to be a lunatic.



The pathetic banner displayed by the children aboard the "Lady Lewis."

Photo. Topical.

THE VISIT OF KING EDWARD AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA TO CARDIFF.



The King and Queen were greeted with musical honours at Cardiff on the occasion of their visit to open the new dock. Our photograph shows a number of the choristers, in native costume, who sang before their Majesties.

Photo. Illus. Bureau.

THE CURSE OF THE EAST: OPIUM AND OPIUM-SMOKERS.



Photo. Underwood and Underwood.

BANNED BY THE CHINESE GOVERNMENT: VICTIMS OF THE OPIUM HABIT IN AN OPIUM DEN, AND THE METHOD OF SMOKING.

The Chinese Government has issued an edict against the opium traffic in China, and against the practice of opium-smoking. The Indian cultivators are dreading equally drastic action. Curiously enough, there are many places round about the London docks where the Chinese sailors may disobey the edict as they please. In Limehouse alone there are eleven opium dens. In the border, below opium poppies, are shown poppy-heads scored vertically in triple stripes by the nushtur, a three-pointed instrument. This is done to allow the juice to escape. The juice which exudes later is scraped off by the "sittocha"—a flat, flange-edged knife. Below, and in the centre of various types of pipes and lamps, is a diagram showing the method of filling the pipe, with the twisted spot of opium at end of a metal needle. Behind this diagram is drawn the ordinary type of hard wooden pillow used by opium-smokers.

HUMOURS OF THE WEEK.

Not as Anticipated.

Young Smithson had decided that his mother needed help in her household duties, and he meant to try his hand at giving the requisite aid.

He rose very early one morning, intent upon scrubbing the floor of the porch.

Chuckling to himself to think how surprised the other members of the family would be when they came down, he went to the kitchen, got a scrubbing-brush, a packet of soap-powder, and a bucket of water, and started work. It was very early, the neighbours were not stirring, and he thought it was great fun.

Gaily he sprinkled the powder about, and then, moistening the brush, he started scrubbing. But the more he scrubbed the more pasty was the result, and after a while bubbles began to show themselves in a mixture of what looked like billposter's paste.

Just then his sister appeared at the door.

"Why, Jack," she exclaimed, "what in the world are you doing?"

"Scrubbing the porch," replied Jack.

The girl picked up the packet which the zealous youth had supposed contained soap-powder.

"Good gracious!" she cried. "You're using cornflour!"

No Complaints.

A young man from the country, whose ideas of milk had been perverted and abused by contact with the cow in its native haunts, recently engaged himself to a proprietor of that animal employed in supplying milk to customers in town. The second day, the new hand resigned. He did not like the business, and he must go. An investigation ended in showing that, after washing the cans the day before, the water, as is usual, was left in them. Instead of the cans which he should have taken, he put the day's milk into those having the washings, and started on his route. On coming back again, he learned his error. He resigned at once rather than face the customers.

"Why, it was cheating," he said—"the worst kind, I can go up to a cannon's mouth and let 'em shoot me, but I never want to set foot in them houses where I carried round that water."

His employer remonstrated. He had no time to hire another man, and it would greatly embarrass him to get one in time. But the young man was inflexible.

"No, no; I've been brought up to be honest, and couldn't look 'em in the face again."

"Well, I'll tell you what I'll do," said his employer desperately; "I'll give you ten shillings to go round this once, and if you can't stand the abuse you needn't try it again."

After much urging the young man consented. He came back with a very curious look on his face.

"Well," said his employer, "you came out alive after all; did you have a very hard racket?"

"N-no!" said the youth; "they did not say a word anywhere, except one old woman, who told me she thought the milk was improving—it was a bit richer yesterday morning."

His employer was sad and silent, and that young man is still in the business.—*Tit-Bits.*

Drew the Line.

Brown had been invited to dine at the house of a noble lord of high degree, and as his financial position was not very great, he looked rather glum, when, at his departure, a string of servants waylaid him.

"Well," he thought, "I suppose I must submit to the inevitable—and pay."

"Sir," said one, "your overcoat."

Brown put on his overcoat and gave the man a sovereign.

"Your umbrella, Sir," said another, and he surrendered a second sovereign.

"Your hat, Sir."

Another sovereign.

"Sir, your gloves"; but this was too much for Brown, and, exasperated, he exclaimed—

"You may keep the gloves, they are not worth it."—*Cassell's Saturday Journal.*

Unless

A distinguished cavalry leader was once at a dinner-party, to which he had been invited as the guest of honour.

Beside him was a talkative youth, with hair of raven black, who rudely interrupted the conversation by asking the warrior why it was that his beard was still black while his hair was turning grey.

With great politeness the old soldier turned toward him.

"I fear I cannot give you a satisfactory answer," said he, "unless, possibly, the reason is that I have used my brain a little more than I have my jaw."

As He Thought.

With fine presence of mind, the stolid youth turned his ramshackle bicycle into a ditch as the two racing motor-cars swung round a bend and charged down the road.

Then, when they had passed, he dragged the machine out of the ditch and remounted.

"Where be goin', Jock?" queried a friend.

"I be goin' to get their names and addresses!" replied the stolid youth.

He did not openly resent the rude remark as to the probability of his accomplishing his purpose, but that evening he proudly exhibited a new five-shilling-piece which he had received as moral and mental compensation for his spill.

"But zurelie, Jock," said his sceptical friend, "thee didst not egspeck to catch they cars?"

"No; I knowed as I should."

"Oh! And wheer did 'ee catch 'em?"

"Just wheer I thought. Varmer Goiles's ole traction-engine broke down this mornin' just round t' next bend, an'—an' I cotched 'em there!"—*Chums.*

Appraised.

"Even a married woman," remarked the widow, "has her limitations."

"Yes," rejoined the bachelor cynically. "The bottom of her husband's pocket is usually her limit."

Asked

A certain well-known violoncello-player of somewhat massive proportions recently chartered a cab, and, having ensconced himself and his unwieldy instrument inside as best he could, gave the Jehu instructions to drive to a house in a fashionable square near by.

On arriving at his destination, the musician, after carefully depositing his violoncello on the pavement, proceeded with much deliberation to tender the cabman a shilling.

"'Ere! Wot's this?" demanded the driver, in much disgust.

"A shilling, my man: Your legal fare," replied the patron haughtily.

"Yus; that's all werry well. I knows a shilling's my legal fare for carrying you," answered the cabman; "but," casting a malevolent eye at the bulky instrument reposing on the pavement, "wot about that there flute?"—*Cassell's Saturday Journal.*

Teaching the Secretary a Lesson.

The secretary of a mutual improvement society walked into a newspaper office and said, "Want an item this morning?" and gave the editor the following note—

"The members of the — Street Association will give a festival at their hall next Friday evening. Literary and musical entertainments will be provided, and a supper will be served to all who desire. The ladies in charge of the affair have much experience in such matters, and are sure to provide a good spread. The admission will be only half-a-crown, and it is certain that no one can spend that amount to a better advantage. Be sure and come and take your friends."

"An advertisement?" said the editor.

"No; we prefer to have it in the local column," said the secretary. "It will interest a great many of your readers, and help a good cause; besides, we have spent so much money in getting up our entertainment that we cannot afford to advertise it without increasing the price of the tickets. In such a matter as this we ought to be able to help each other."

"Well," said the editor, "if it goes into the locals, I suppose you would reciprocate by reading a little notice at your meeting?" and handed him the following—

"The *Weekly Pleaser* is the best and cheapest family paper. Its proprietor has had much experience, and has all the staff which a large outlay of money can procure. His paper has a larger circulation than any other published in the county, and is to be furnished at only twopence weekly. It is certain that no one can spend the money to a better advantage. Be sure to take the *Weekly Pleaser* and influence your friends."

The secretary "doubted whether it would be judicious to read such a notice;

if it was printed, copies might be distributed at the entertainment."

"Yes," said the editor, "but it would attract more attention in the middle of a speech. It will interest a large number of your audience and help a good cause; besides, so much money is spent upon the *Weekly Pleaser* that I don't see how the owner can afford to print handbills to advertise it without increasing the price of the paper. In such a matter as this we ought to be able to help each other."

Then the secretary saw the situation and withdrew.—*Tit-Bits.*

Giving Him a Chance.

That the young fellow had grit was evident from the fact that his business, from nothing, had in a few years begun to bring in a fairish income. He made up his mind to get married. The girl—although the daughter of a pompous country squire—agreed with him; but the father did not see things in the same light.

"What! You?" he yelled angrily. "You want to marry my daughter! Why, it is only a few years since you were caddying for me."

"That's true!" interrupted the young man, "but I don't intend to let that

you? As for me, I always take a return."

"I never do," said the second man. "I always take my return half from the dead man's pocket."—*London Opinion.*

Keeping a Sharp Look-Out.

Whilst at breakfast he frequently took up the morning paper, a proceeding which his wife greatly disliked, as it hindered conversation.

"I cannot imagine what interests you so greatly in that paper," she exclaimed sharply, one morning.

"My dear," he replied blandly. "I am just looking to see if anyone I knew had been born;" and he continued his occupation.

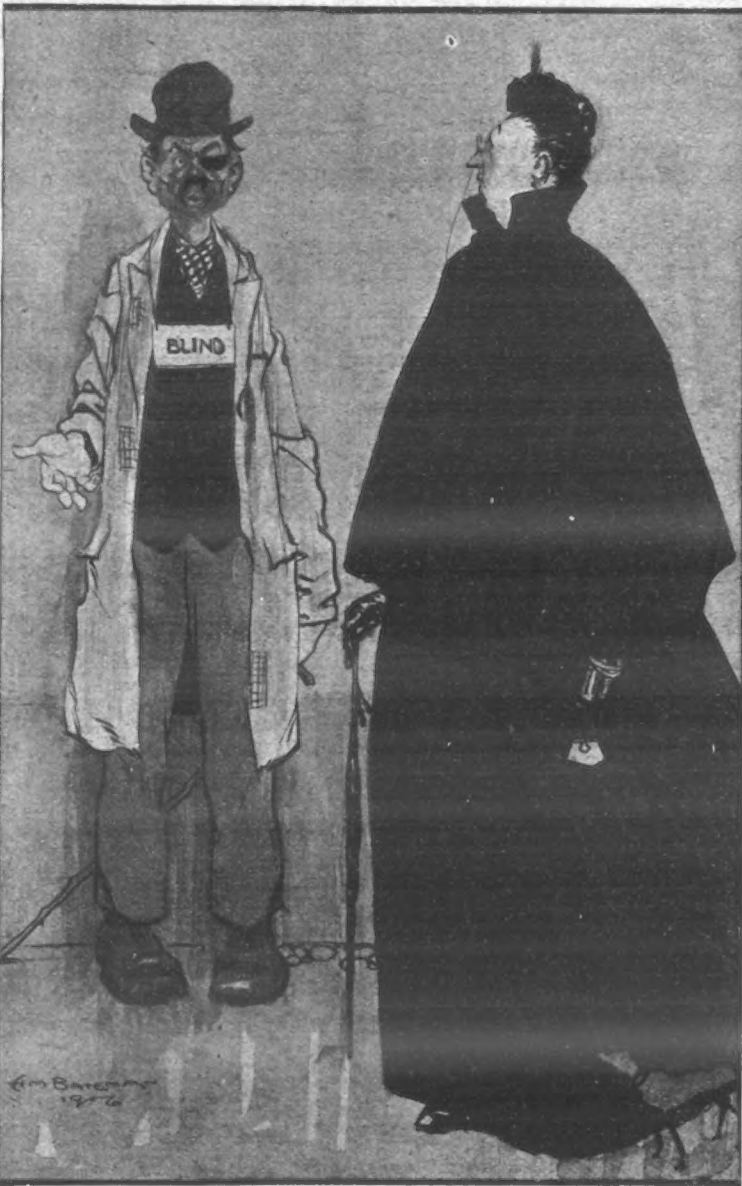
The Truth.

The caller who "dropped in for half a minute" had exceeded the time-limit by about four hours, and there was no prospect of immediate relief, when the small boy of the house came in for the third time during the afternoon, and stopped in amazement at seeing the visitor.

"Ain't you gone yet?" he asked, frankly. "'Bout time for you to be goin', ain't it?"

"Hush, Freddie!" cried his mother, in distress. "You mustn't mind what he says, Mrs. Stalate; children don't seem to know any better than to blurt the truth right out sometimes, do they?"

Whereupon the caller gathered up her dignity and departed.



HALF A.D. HALF.

THE BLIND MAN: "Spare us a shillin', lidy."

THE "LIDY": "But you are only blind in one eye."

THE BLIND MAN: "Then give us a tanner, mum."

stand in the way. The language you then used was certainly a trifle—say blue-tinted; but then you were under the influence of disappointment. After all, you know, a very bad golfer may make a very good father-in-law. Anyhow, I'm going to give you a chance."

Experienced.

Two duellists were taking the early train for Fontainebleau, their place of meeting.

"A return trip," said the first duellist to the ticket-agent.

"Single for me," said the second man quietly.

"Aha," blustered the other, "you are afraid you won't come back, are

Bunkered.

A gentleman, by way of a joke, placed a golf-ball in the nest of his ancient parrot. Polly sat with exemplary patience on her novel egg, and appeared pretty nearly heart-broken when the weeks went by and she found herself unrewarded. At last she could stand it no longer. A terrible screeching brought her owner downstairs at four o'clock in the morning.

"What's the matter, Polly?" he asked, as he noticed that the bird's beak was chipped through trying to get at the interior.

"Matter!" screeched Polly. "Great Scott, I'm bunkered!"

"P.I.P." PLAYGOER.

"THE POCKET MISS HERCULES," Mr. J. Storer Clouston's new three-act farce, which made so excellent an impression at a special matinee at the Royalty Theatre recently, is to be produced "for a run" at that house on the 23rd inst., under the direction of Mr. Hubert Druce.

I think that nothing in this world is so terrible as stage fright (writes Miss Ellen Terry in *M.A.P.*). Let me see if I can describe the sensation. You are on the stage, full of self-confidence, when suddenly and without any warning the demon Stage Fright clutches you. You try to speak—only to find that he has laid a spell upon your tongue—his icy fingers make you shudder with some nameless horror. Then comes a stage when you feel as though you had no body, and were floating miles and miles away—your brain is a blank—you cannot realise that it is really you yourself that is standing there. You make another futile attempt to move—you move at last as in some horrible dream. Here you should retire from the stage as soon as possible, for you are beyond hope. I have often wondered if everybody experiences these tortures. When I was acting in "The Governor's Wife" I was just capable of moving off the stage and returning with a book, from which I read the rest of my part. I was past feeling the humiliation of such a proceeding! I don't remember whether or no Madame de Rhona gave me a box on the ears, but I think it most probable. In later years I have not suffered from the fearsome malady, but even now, after fifty years of stage life, I never play a new part without being overcome by a terrible nervousness and a torturing dread of forgetting my lines. Every nerve in my body seems to be dancing an independent jig on its own account.

Sir Gilbert Parker tells a writer in the *Daily Express* that his "Right of Way" will be produced in the United States in September, and later we are to see it in London. Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger have it for America, and the English actor, Mr. Guy Standing, is cast for the principal rôle. The scenes are all laid in Canada, and the piece is in five acts. Mr. Eugene Prestbury, the author of "Raffles," has adapted the story to the stage.

The Empire Theatre has been doing splendidly during the past week, and the motorists have been hugely delighted with the Brooklands biograph pictures. These include Mr. Edge's time-annihilating record on the Weybridge track, and very fine films of the races last Saturday.

"The Black Hussars," a company of fourteen musicians under the direction of Lasky and Rolfe, made their first appearance at the London Hippodrome on Monday last. There is little doubt that those original producers—who have come to be looked upon as the foremost creators of vaudeville headliners in the U.S.A. through the success of their previous spectacles, "The Colonial Sextette," "The Military Octette," and "The Lasky-Rolfe Quintette"—have provided in "The Black Hussars" an organisation that will attain an equal popularity. "The Black Hussars" is a company of fourteen musicians who are seen in a varied programme, including American instrumental music, songs, and dances. The costumes worn by the ten men and four women who comprise the band are picturesquely elaborate. Commenting on the act, a New York journalist not long ago wrote: "This team of coloured musicians give it you in a got-to-have-it style that takes you off your balance at first. In spite of yourself, you get to like their methods of dealing in crochets and quavers—it is all so good, novel, and daring. You find yourself just putting your hands together and letting them have it proper. Go right away and see these coloured crochets coons." "The Black Hussars" bring with them a speciality brass instrument which is about the length of a coach-horn, and having three bell-shaped end pieces.

ANCIENT BRITONS AT ST ALBANS



One of the most interesting pageants of the "historical outbreak" this year is, undoubtedly, that being held at St. Albans this week. For sheer magnificence and historical accuracy it has possibly never been equalled, and certainly not surpassed. Our photographs give a few sidelights, some of them not without their points of humour. 1.—An ancient Druid talking to ladies of the Tudor period. It is to be hoped that the ancient gentleman is not mentioning the "mistletoe bough," as it was these priests who first made use of the parasitic growth. 2.—Nobles and a bishop between the acts. 3.—One of the stewards strolls round with a band of performers, much to the joy of our photographer. 4.—A runner of the first century takes a lady and her dog for a walk. 5.—Queen Boadicea in her chariot: the gentlemen in the piebald coats are warriors of the period.



THE CHILD WHO CONVERTS.

Frances Bradley Storr, the marvellous girl preacher, in the pulpit. She attracts big congregations.

ATHLETICS AND CYCLING.

Last Saturday's meeting of the Manchester Wheelers was noteworthy from the fact that the ten-miles scratch race for the Murrati Vase was decided and that the one-mile cycle championship of the Manchester centre was down for decision. The former race was duly run off. Ben Jones, of Wigan, defeating C. B. Kingsbury, of the Portsmouth North Road C.C., by half a wheel. The time was 26 min. 24.4-5 sec.

The mile resulted very unsatisfactorily. Some years ago, the National Cyclists Union passed a law that, unless the distance be covered in a stated time, it shall be declared no race. This law it was unfortunately necessary to enforce at Fallowfield in the event under notice. W. H. Webb, of the Manchester Wheelers, passed the line first,

but the judges refused to allow it to stand. Quite right too; one does not go to see a mile race and be treated to a sprint up the straight. To my mind the declaring of the race void is not sufficient punishment.

There were some interesting sports at the North Durham meeting, held at Gateshead. Fairbairn-Crawford won the 600-yards race for the James Cup, but he only beat the holder, J. Lee, on the post, the time being 1 min. 15.4-5 sec. The North Durham Challenge Cycle Cup, at five miles, resulted in a win for J. T. Armstrong, of Darlington; H. Crowther, Leeds, was second, and A. E. Liddle, Newcastle, third. Time, 15 min. 32.2-5 sec.

At the County ground, Birmingham, the Athletic Club of that city decided a very interesting series of events. The hurdles championship of the Midlands

THE CHILD WHO CONVERTS.

THE latest recruit to the ranks of child preachers is a little Doncaster girl named Frances Bradley Storr, who is electrifying Yorkshire just as Evan Roberts roused Wales. She is the daughter of a working woman, who is at present the police-court missionary at Doncaster for the British Women's Temperance Association.

Although she was only twelve years old last September, in one month alone she has addressed more than 5000 people, and it is said that something like 300 men and women have been "converted" as a result of her simple, childlike preaching.

She is just a winsome girl, of somewhat full oval features, and of marked intellectualism. When asked by a newspaper representative, "What do you think is the grandest sight you can see on earth?" she replied, "I think it is to see men and women converted. That is what I wanted mother to let me preach for. And I shall go on preaching. I never have any trouble what to say: the message seems to be given, and I deliver it."

Probably the secret of the child's success is to be found in her mother's intense desire that one of her children would be gifted to help her in her religious work.



THE GRAND OLD MAN OF THE SALVATION ARMY SPEAKS TO THOUSANDS OF HIS FOLLOWERS AND FRIENDS.



THE CHILD WHO CONVERTS.

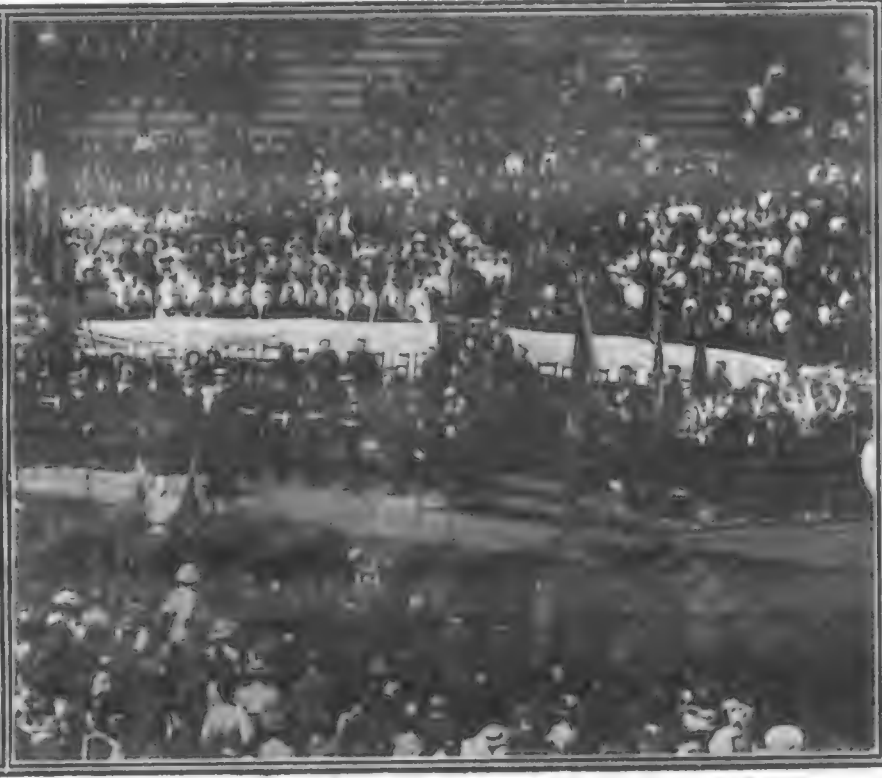
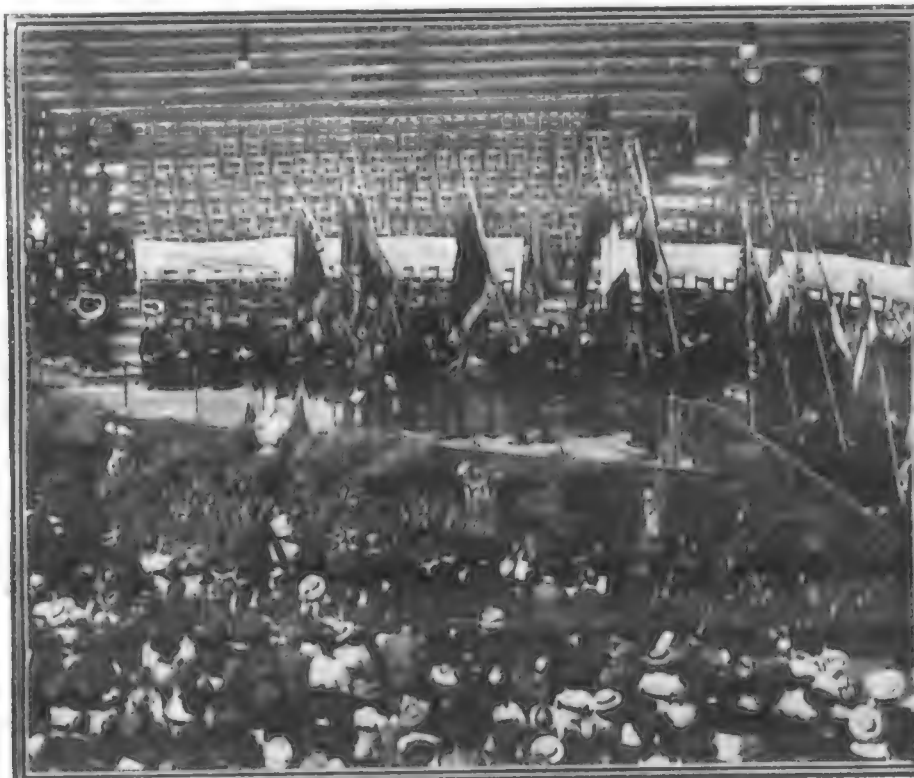
Except for the wonderful gift of preaching the girl is quite like ordinary children. Our photograph shows her cycling to school.

was secured by D. W. Walters, of Cardiff University, but the time was not great, as he took 17.3-5 sec. to get over the obstacles. The furlong champion, J. P. George, won the 100-yards and 220-yards scratch races; and a mile relay race between the London Athletic Club and a team styled the Rest of England was won by the latter by 3 yards.

At the sports of the Post-Office Athletic Club some of the principal athletes now on the path were competing. The chief honour fell to J. McGough—the half-mile and mile Scottish Champion. He won the mile Postal Championship for the third year in succession, and so made the Dewar Shield his own property. His time was 4 min. 42.2-5 sec., but in the handicap at that distance he did 4 min. 21.2-5 sec., but failed to win the race, being beaten out of a place.

The 100-yards open handicap was taken by W. T. Wetenhall, of the Highgate Harriers, who, with a start of 7½ yards, did even time. A 600-yards invitation handicap fell to T. Parsons, of the Polytechnic Harriers, 18 yards start. A. Astley, of the Salford Harriers, who had an allowance of 4 yards, was second, and the time 71.4-5 sec. F. D. Lee, of the Blackheath Harriers, with a start of 19 yards, won the 300-yards in 31.1-5 sec., and G. R. J. Withers, of the Railway Clearing House, was first in the two-miles open walk, the time being 13 min. 40.1-5 sec.

Readers when writing Advertisers should mention "P. I. P."



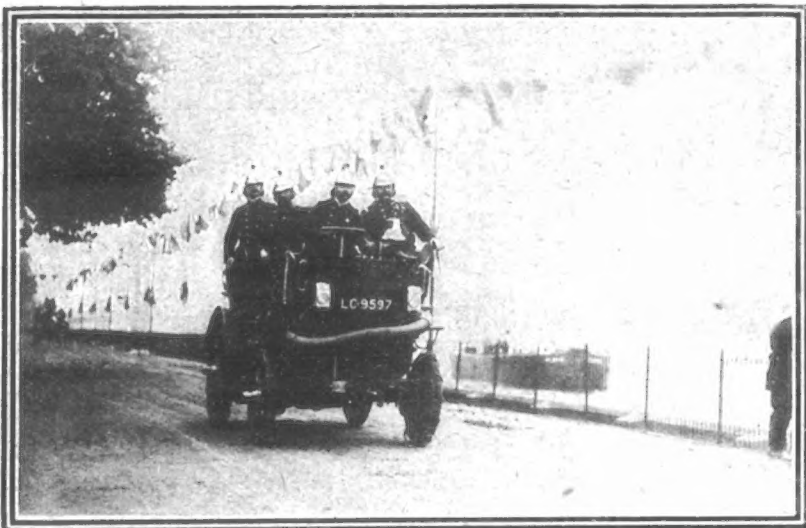
THE SALVATION ARMY'S FORTY-SECOND BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

After an inspiring address, congratulating the Salvation Army on its forty-second birthday, General Booth last Monday began his new 1500 miles motor-car tour of England and Wales. Ten thousand Salvationists and about the same number of the general public assembled at the Crystal Palace to see him off. There were scenes of remarkable enthusiasm at the anniversary demonstrations during the afternoon.

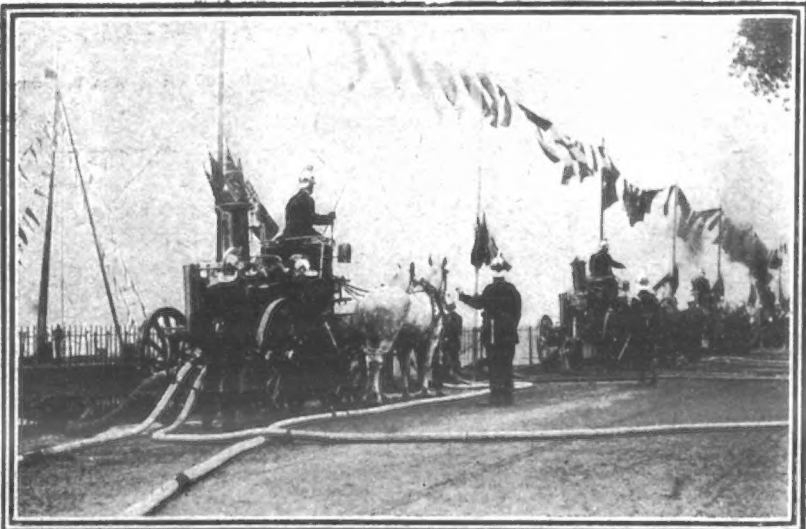
THE FIRE-BRIGADE DISPLAY.



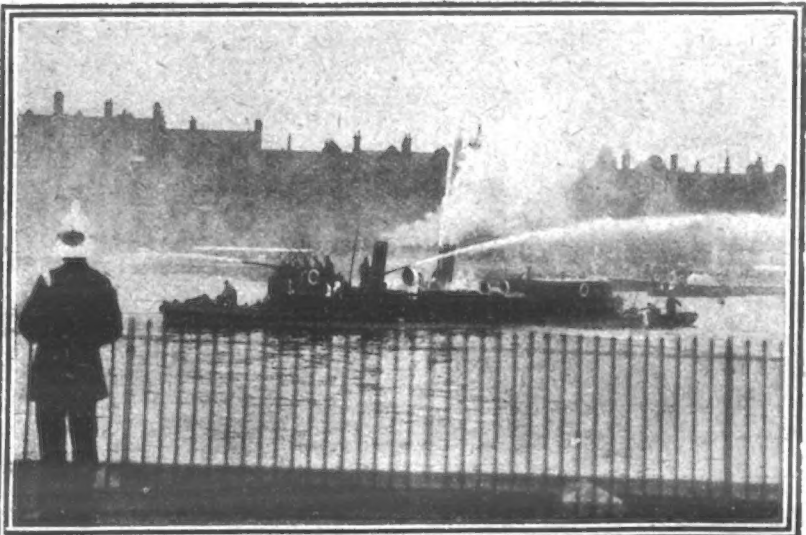
Lady Gwendolen Guinness congratulating Captain Hamilton on the splendid turn-out of the Brigade at the display in Battersea Park last Saturday.



A MOTOR-ENGINE PASSING THE STANDS.



ENGINES AT WORK ON A BURNING BOAT.



FIRE-FLOATS AT WORK.

Our Millionaire Series.

In these days, when money-making opportunities present themselves so persistently, we feel sure the advice given by the world's greatest financial masters will be appreciated by our readers. We have secured a series of most brilliant articles dealing with the lives of famous millionaires, and in these will be found some original advice and some startling new facts.

No. 1.—ANDREW CARNEGIE AND HIS BOOK.

"Wealth is being more and more distributed among the many. . . . You may be sure, gentlemen, that the question of the distribution of wealth is settling itself rapidly under present conditions, and settling itself in the right direction."

When we read the enthralling history of such a king of finance as Andrew Carnegie, we must certainly realise the value of opportunity; for Carnegie's life-story is a brilliant record and testimony



Carnegie, the money-maker, in his early business days.

to the value of accepting opportunities when they are presented. To give the brief outlines of Carnegie's struggle for wealth would be superfluous, for every magazine and journal in the world has recorded these simple facts. We all know of Carnegie's rise from humble circumstances, his hard work in America, and his working upwards towards success; but few attempts have ever been given to show exactly what this king of money-makers really thinks on the subject of getting rich.

Who has ever thought of Carnegie as an author of one of the most brilliant books ever written on the subject of how to get rich? Surely few of us. Yet Carnegie's money-making books are well worth the reading, and the lectures given to the stern business men of America are full of the most valuable advice to those who wish to increase their income. The words we have quoted at the beginning of this article are taken from one of the latest of the Carnegie books, and are given in order to show directly that even such a financial autocrat as this man believes there is an opportunity for everyone to join in the race for wealth. If you were to read the pages of Carnegie's "Empire of Business," you would finally be absorbed in the idea that to-day is ripe with opportunities for the man with small capital at his disposal to judiciously employ the same, and thus increase his income.

Carnegie starts off with showing that even poverty is beneficial, for it makes a man work to obtain some small hold on the gigantic capital of the world. Let him once get this capital, and he will be on the road to success, for the adage is true to-day: as ever it was that "Money makes money."

Money Makes Money.

"Money makes money." The old saying is worth thinking over, for in the life stories of those who have succeeded in bringing to themselves vast sums of money is found the testimony to this statement. In England to-day we have one of the richest fields for money-making in the employment of money, and there is no reason why the humblest of financiers—or, as we call him, "the small capitalist"—should not greatly add to his stock of wealth by judicious means. As Andrew Carnegie indicates, in the vastness of recurring opportunities there is a tendency for the employment of money to become unsafe. He goes on to point out, however, that this can never be, so long as those with capital at their disposal never let it out of their actual control.

In former days, when speculation was indeed a serious risk, it was only the great financial magnates who could build with any certainty of success; but to-day it is possible for the small investor, with but a limited amount of capital at his disposal, to control large financial interests, and obtain the benefits that may result therefrom, thus following the example of a Rockefeller, a Carnegie. It is not suggested that every person with a small amount of money at his disposal will rise to the multi-millionaire stage; but there is something more than a modest competency to be won by the enterprising and fortunate. It is not a very reasonable procedure to lock up money in securities which, of their very nature, can but secure the smallest return on the capital invested. Many a person to-day is receiving a trifling income who, with the necessary knowledge, could easily obtain from the same capital a much larger share of this world's goods.

Money-Making Opportunities.

A great many people know nothing of the remarkable money-making opportunities that lie close to hand, and instead of developing and improving their capital are content to allow it to remain in savings banks or securities, where the interest yield is so small as to be practically worthless. It takes an enormous amount of capital placed out at, say, 2½ per cent. or 3 per cent. interest to bring in anything like a fair income; and whilst risky speculation should be avoided, there are better methods of obtaining maximum results with minimum risks. But how to do these things is probably what people would like to know.

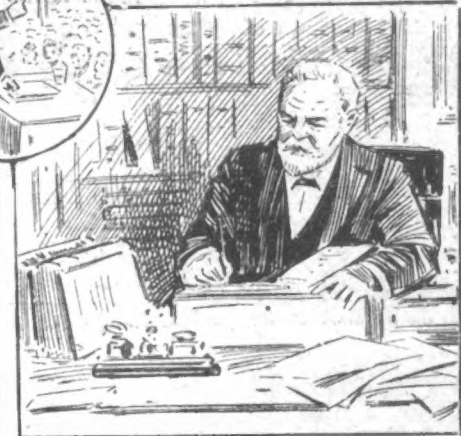
How can I make money? How can I add to my income? The reply to these vital questions is found in a most interesting and valuable book which has recently been published, and which exhaustively and carefully explains the whole science of money-making, with special reference to the investor with small capital.

We could quote continuously from Andrew Carnegie's book, for it leads us right along to another publication which, if anything, is more valuable to the average man, for it brings Carnegie's theories into the realms of practical utility. That is to say, it shows not the theory of money-making, but actually how money can be made by any readers of this journal. This last book has been appropriately entitled, "The Scientific Increase of Income." It shows the actual steps that men like Carnegie have trodden to gain their wealth; it shows the systematic working of opportunities that the millionaire financiers of the world have adopted to secure the vast hoards of gold with which they are credited. But what is of more importance, it shows not how every man may become a millionaire, but how capital and incomes may be greatly increased by the application of a carefully thought-out system, in which the capital employed always rests securely in the control of the investor.

The Investor of Small Sums Succeeds.

You can hardly imagine what fascinating reading the pages of this second book afford, and it is with pleasure that we can state there is an opportunity for every man and woman to read these pages without any cost, for it has been decided to send the eighth edition of this most valuable work free of charge to all whom it will interest. "The Scientific Increase of Income" is a book which deals largely with opportunities, and Andrew Carnegie will tell you that opportunities are all that a man wants to increase his store.

With so small a capital as £5 or £10, if a man be placed in the right track, there are great possibilities of making money, and the pages of the book to which we have referred literally glitter



Carnegie writing his famous work on Money-Making. (Inset: Lecturing to Business Men.)

with words of golden advice that everybody may use for his individual benefit. In this very interesting free book the whole science of money-making is dealt with, and a system is detailed which, from its scientific accuracy and safety, will appeal to everybody who desires to make money. Especially will it appeal to the shrewd, level-headed Britisher's mind, for it shows how he may employ any capital he may have lying idle, in order to increase the same by sensible and practical means.

This book represents the last word on money-making, and is the completing step in such a series of literature as has been written by financiers and those who wish to tell us how they have made their money. This work not only shows how money has been made, but clearly indicates how you may



ANDREW CARNEGIE.
The greatest financial success of to-day.

follow in the track of those who have greatly increased their income by judicious investment.

We have said "The Scientific Increase of Income" is to be sent free of charge to all who will write for the same, and we would urge everyone to make early application for this work. By special arrangement, it has been decided that all those who write giving full name and address (a postcard will do) will receive a copy gratis and post free. All applications must be addressed to the publishers, Messrs. Arnold and Butler (Room 931A), 124, Holborn, London, E.C.



The World of Women

Conducted by ELLICE BEERE.

BREAKFAST is often the most worrying meal to the weary housewife. It is of all the meals the most difficult to provide with that "infinite variety" which in food is so desirable. A good idea in summer is to substitute fresh or stewed fruit for the inevitable jam or marmalade with which one winds up in winter, and nothing could be better for health and complexion. Bananas, oranges and apples ought to find a place on the breakfast-table, the two last having a very beneficial effect in keeping the skin clear. Strawberries, cherries, and plums may all be partaken of in turn. Another edible most effectual in purifying the blood is watercress, which, if eaten with a little dressing of lemon-juice and salad or olive oil, between thin slices of bread-and-butter, is most appetising. Where it can be taken, cereal food should form part of the first meal, and served with-milk or cream and sugar, is one of the most nutritious items in the menu. Whenever the desire for food at breakfast-time has been lost, the appetite should never be forced in any way. The best plan is to discard the usual dish of eggs and bacon, fish, sausages, or whatever it may be, and rely on some simple novelty such as a bowl of bread-and-milk, or a little crisp toast and butter, with an addition, such as a few radishes or a little bloater-pasteur. The lighter the repast the better in such cases, and ten to one the appetite will return of its own accord in a few days.

One of the summer novelties is the lingerie or linen boot. It is made in various coloured linens, also in white, and is designed to fit perfectly and not make the foot look large. To women with tender feet, in addition to being

ornamental it is sure to be a boon as well. It is certain to be much worn with the lovely linen dresses so beloved of the river-girl, and will doubtless form a new and very becoming addition to her toilette. For more practical footwear there are new shapes in coloured kid and leather, to match dainty frocks in tints such as leaf-green, rose-red, and the new blue. These will be worn in town for the promenade, and in the country at garden-parties and floral fêtes. In addition to the above, gilt and silver shoes are being worn in Paris for street wear. The Frenchwoman with her short foot and high arched instep has pre-eminently the gift of indulging successfully in fancies in footwear: it is not every woman nor yet every Englishwoman who can follow successfully in her footsteps.

The brilliant summer sunshine has an uncomfortable way of showing up the old and shabby places in the drawing-room carpet and furniture.

How to Make Loose Covers. A good way of renovating the latter, and of making the room look dainty and bright, is to have some loose covers of pretty cretonne made for the chairs and sofas. To be a success, however, they should be carefully cut and fitted. A good plan is to cut out a pattern in cheap calico, and this can be altered and taken in until it fits perfectly. The cretonne covers can then be cut out by the calico pattern. Tapes and buttons should be sewn on carefully and neatly, and there is no reason why the home worker may not turn out the work as well (if she takes pains) as a professional upholsterer. A piping at the seams will give a little additional trouble, but well repays it by the added finish given to the work. To cover up the threadbare places in the carpet a few new mats, to tone with the general scheme of colour, will work wonders. If new cushions are required, one or two stuffed with real down are worth half-a-dozen of the cheap and lumpy sort. Feather pillows may be bought and cut down to convenient size

before being covered, or the feathers may be taken out and put into square-shaped cushion-cases of sateen. This method will be found to come much cheaper than buying down cushions ready made. The large flounce as a finish to a cushion is less in vogue now than the smart narrow frill. Round cushions covered with cretonne or tissue look charming, edged around with a double frill of silk representing two colours, such as pink and green or heliotrope and blue.

Some of the charming summer wraps of light cloth, alpaca, and silk have very large wing or dolman sleeves, so that the voluminous kimono sleeves of dainty gowns may not be crushed. Very graceful indeed are some of the styles, and in any light material are well worth acquiring at sale time, as they come in for wear during chilly evenings, and later in the year may crown a useful existence recommending themselves as theatre-wraps.

A point to be noted in this season's sunshades and en-tout-cas is that a long, plain handle of natural wood, with a crook at the end, seems to have quite taken the place of the highly embellished and rather florid designs of late years. A simple style, such as this, carried to a point of exaggeration, often achieves a remarkable smartness. If a little relief in the way of trimming is desired, a bow of ribbon the colour of the sunshade may be added. Or yet another idea is to swathe part of the very long handle in tulle, and add a rosette at the top, near the crook. Some very pretty ones are exemplified in the new Tussore and Shantung silks, many being lined with a contrasting colour. Champagne or ecru is combined with the lovely Du Barri rose shade, dark green with pale

About Sunshades.

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green, or even pale blue. The sales should bring many dainty parasols within the means of the limited purse. For useful wear, however, a plain, dark blue, or green en-tout-cas with a good but unpretentious handle cannot be surpassed. There are women, too, who consistently pin their faith to a scarlet sunshade, and, with a light or dark costume, this is a colour which seems to look equally suitable.

WHY WOMEN GOSSIP.

Of course, there is gossip and gossip. No one would commend a mere tattler or malicious tale-bearer. Much mischief is sometimes caused by idle prating. But prudent gossip has much to recommend it. In many cases it is healthful and educative. Some girls and matrons know this.

It is a good mental tonic. A lady recently remarked that she had managed to discover an almost certain remedy for the frequent attacks of low spirits from which she used to suffer. Whenever she feels one of the old fits of depression coming on, she sallies forth on a gossip tour. She calls on several different friends, has a nice little chat with each, and in this way never fails to ward off or get rid of a fit of the "blues."

A great deal can be learnt by gossip if one has discretion enough to gossip with the right sort of people. If "conference makes a ready man," gossip certainly helps to make a vivacious woman. Reading is a great privilege, and even a necessity nowadays, but it is not healthy to be always poring over a book. Gossip of the proper kind may be very instructive. It depends on the listener and the speaker.

Thousands of persons have derived the greater part of their education from gossip. Silence is not always a sign of wisdom. It may be profitable to listen to a gossip, and it may be good practice to do a little gossiping oneself.

UNHAPPY LOVERS.

To be engaged is not always to be happy, though viewed through the rose-coloured spectacles of the, as yet, unappropriated blessing, an engagement is just a peep of Paradise, on which two people alone out of this vast universe are permitted to gaze.

This estimate of an engagement is confirmed or negated in reality according to the temperaments of the couple, but while for one, courtship is verily and indeed "a peep of Paradise," for another it brings misery equalled in no other phase of life.

Now, there are many and diverse reasons for the unhappiness that so often follows



Photo. Illus. E. M. Shearis

A LADY GARDENER.

Miss G. E. M. Shearis, who won the Royal Horticultural Society's gold medal this year.

in the wake of an engagement-ring, and first and foremost of all comes jealousy.

The possessor of a naturally suspicious nature is not content to trust the being loved as he or she expects to be trusted, but conjures up all manner of fears in the other's absence, and is generally as miserable as a mortal can be.

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All contributions should be addressed to—

THE EDITOR.

The Penny Illustrated Paper,

172, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.



YOUTH AND BEAUTY AT LORD'S.

The promenade during the luncheon interval of the Eton and Harrow match, which this year was won by Harrow after a well-contested game.



THE "P.I.P." GARDENER AND POULTRY-FANCIER.

JULY 20 TO 26.—Every season, however extreme it may seem to be, has its compensations. What suits one plant family is fatal to another. A month ago one felt inclined to condemn the weather on every score, but I must certainly admit that from personal experience root crops are turning out well in spots that are thoroughly drained. Only this morning I dug no fewer than twenty-five medium-sized potatoes (Early Rose) from one root, in excellent condition, and young carrots, spring onions, and such crops are a complete success. Currants are in good fettle, and I begin to have great hopes for the kitchen garden; it is in the flower garden that the cold winds and ceaseless rains have left their baneful effects. My week's gardening will be varied in character. Beyond a sowing of turnip (in drills or rows a foot or somewhat more apart) I have no other seed to handle, but the picking of peas, broad beans, and so on will keep me busy. The turnip seed may be sown in the ground vacated by early peas, potatoes, or other crop. Dahlias need a lot of care just now, and ingrowing shoots must be pinched out; sometimes immature, weedy buds will form, and these should be removed. The fly (green and brown) is very bad on roses this year, and I give my trees and bushes continual syringing with quassia and soft soap mixed, as described a week or two ago. I am selecting for forcing under glass next season a few runners from strawberry plants that have borne specially well. Having selected the runner-plant, it should be laid in the centre of a

good-sized pot containing a somewhat sandy soil compost and pegged down. In a short time the plant will have rooted, when it may be placed in a shady spot till autumn. This week I am giving another clipping to evergreen hedges, and even planting out a few very late chrysanthemum cuttings. By the way, excellent, well-rooted cuttings are being sold retail in Covent Garden now at a shilling a dozen.

I have been favoured from time to time with copies of the "One and All" series of garden handbooks, and I can recommend them to all P.I.P. readers who are looking for clear, concise guidance in the various subjects dealt with. The

books cost one penny only, and I believe there are nearly a dozen of them, under such titles as "Sweet Peas," "Salads," "Vegetables," "Manuring," "Potatoes," "Allotments," "Roses," "Garden Making," and so on. The little handbooks contain numerous appropriate illustrations, and are in every way practical and helpful.

In the smallest of gardens the rubbish-heap should be a permanent institution. Its home should be some unseen hole or corner, where lawn trimmings, dead leaves, broad-bean stalks, pea and potato haulm, decaying stems, and so on, may be deposited. The heap should be kept free from stones, and turned over completely at intervals with the fork. Well-rotted

matter from this rubbish-heap makes an ideal manure, particularly for heavy soils, and should be dug well into the ground with the autumn or winter digging. If convenient, a good deal of refuse from the house may well go to the garden rubbish-heap.

In a well-ordered garden there should be no waste of decaying growths and green stuffs. Just now, with pea, bean, and potato haulm and similar matter accumulating every day, an organised heap should be prepared. If strawy manure and stable refuse, hoeings of weeds, waste from the kitchen, and so on, can be added to the heap, a valuable soil-feeding mixture will quickly be collected for early autumn digging. No stones or sticks should be allowed to get into the heap, which should be turned over from time to time with the fork. Speaking of soil-making, many amateurs fall into the error of stacking up stable manure in such a way that the ammonia and the other essential products are wasted. The correct plan is to dig out a pit, fill it in with manure and then raise a mound, which should be watered, if the weather is dry, and well-trodden.

A thatch of old turves, grass inwards, or a thin covering of soil should be finally given to keep in the true goodness of the heap.

REPLIES IN BRIEF.

A. BORROWS (Peckers Hill House, Sutton).—Re worms in grass and illustrations in P.I.P. a fortnight ago, I do not know the actual medium employed on that occasion. Messrs. James Carter and Co., of High Holborn, London, give two pages in their 1907 catalogue to a worm-killer having similar effect, however, and the method of procedure is much as described in P.I.P. Messrs. Carter's worm-killer is sold in 14 lb. bags at 3s., and larger quantities are obtainable at a cheaper rate.

HENRY KERN (Windsor).—Fresh lawn trimmings are good for fowls, but stale stuff is distinctly harmful. Lawn refuse should never be allowed to lie about the fowl-run. Make absolute cleanliness your keynote in the small run and you cannot go far wrong.

W. G. B.—You can hardly expect nature to repeat the entire performance, but if you cut off the old heads of the lupins some more flowers may appear, though they will naturally be small.

JAMES WESSEND.—Unless your main-crop potatoes are exceptionally far apart in the rows, I do not advise you to plant-out cabbages in the intervening space. When this practice is followed, at least thirty inches should be allowed between the rows when planting potatoes.

ALFRED THOMPSON (Kirkcaldy).—Yes; quite correct. Unless you keep your sweet-peas continually picked they will go off blooming. Blooms cease to appear when the pods are allowed to go to seed.

M. LITTLEWOOD.—Rats are a serious menace to your chickens, and you should take prompt measures. Do not resort to poison on account of the birds. The old-fashioned gins will be most satisfactory, or a smart terrier. You are lucky not to have lost chicks so far. H. KENNEDY (Clapham).—As you cannot afford a vet's fee, I should suggest taking your valuable hen to the Animals' Hospital, Hugh Street, Belgrave Road, S.W., near Victoria Station. The hospital is controlled by Our Dumb Friends' League, and the foreman will advise you if you call.

I am always most pleased to reply to inquiries, and will do so through the post direct, when a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for the purpose. Inquiries should be addressed to me personally at the P.I.P. Offices, 172, Strand, London, W.C.

A. COURLAND MARSHALL.

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